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Poetry.

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MAUD MULLER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered
If 'twould be fine o'er the next day,
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather,

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-ashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her nice and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and songs of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon
When he hummed in court an old love tune.

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on her marked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played around her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney log,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

Our Story Teller.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP."

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Samuel Sutton, wool-stapler, had a large business in Frome, inherited from his father, and enlarged by himself; also a nest-egg of £150,000 invested at four per cent. in solid securities. He lived clear out of the town in a large house built by himself, and called "Merino Lodge," with lawn, gardens, conservatories, stables, all of them models. He loved business, and spent his day in the office; he loved his wife, and enjoyed his evenings at home.

But this life of calm content was broken up in one month; his wife sickened and died, leaving him utterly desolate and wretched. No child to reflect her beloved features, and no live thing to cherish but her favorite dog, an orphan child she had taken into the house eight years before, and the immortal memory of a watchful and unselfish affection.

Under this stunning blow messages of consolation poured in upon him, many of them delicately and admirably worded, all written with a certain sympathy, but with dry eyes. His very servants spoke with bated breath and sorrowful looks before him, but he heard the squawks of the women and the gruffaws of the men out in the yard. Only one creature beside himself suffered. It was his wife's *protegee* Rebecca Barnes. For many a day this girl, like himself, never smiled, and often burst into tears all in a moment over her work. This was not lost on the mourner; hitherto he had hardly noticed this humble figure; but now he looked at her with interest, and told her, once for all, he would be a friend to her, as his beloved wife had been.

The young woman thus distinguished was attractive; she was tall and straight, but not bony, nor nipped at the waist. She had the face of an English rural beauty, light brown hair, a very white skin, dark gray eyes, and a complexion not divided into red and white, but with a slight brick-dusty color, very sweet and healthy, diffused all over two oval cheeks; a large but shapely mouth and beautiful teeth made winning; a little cocked-up nose spoiled her for a beauty; and she might be summed up as comeliness in person.

Educated by a lady with great good sense, she could read aloud fluently and with propriety, could write like a clerk, cook well, make pickles and preserves, sweep, dust, cut and sew dresses, iron and get up lace and linen; but could not play a piano nor dance a polka.

Mrs. Sutton always intended her to be housekeeper; and the widower now told her to try and qualify herself in time; she was to young at present.

Months rolled on, but Samuel Sutton's loneliness did not abate. He had only one relation who interested him, Joe Newton, son of a deceased sister, a bold Eton boy he had often tipped. Joe was now at Oxford, and Mr. Sutton invited him for the long vacation, and prepared to like him.

While he is on the road let us attempt his character—at that period: a goodish scholar excellent athlete; rowed six in the college boat, and was promised a place in the University Eleven for fair defense, hard hitting, and exceptional throwing.

He used to back himself against both the universities to fling the hammer and construe Demosthenes; the college tutor heard, and remonstrated. "It was not the thing at Oxford to brag; why, Stilwell made a hundred and fifteen against Surry the other day, but he only said he was very lucky. That is the form at present," said the excellent tutor, stroke of the university boat in his day. Joe explained largely. Of course he knew that there were two men who could beat him at throwing the hammer, one Oxford, one Cambridge, and a lot who could eclipse him at construing Greek orators. "But you see, sir," said he, slyly, "the fellows that can construe Demosthenes can't fling the hammer; and the happy pair that can take the shine out of me at the hammer can't construe Demosthenes. I can do both, after a fashion."

"Oh," said the tutor, "that alters the case. So it was only an enigma; sounded like a brag."

Add to the virtues indicated above, pugilism, wrestling, good spirits, six feet, broad shoulders, abundance of physical and a want of moral courage, and behold Joe Newton, aged 21.

He came to "Merino Lodge," and filled the place with sudden vitality. He rowed everybody on the lake; armed both sexes with fishing rods; mowed and rolled a paddock into a cricket-ground; organized matches between county clubs; drew on his uncle for copious luncheons: chaffed, talked, and enlivened all the family and neighborhood, and gazed at Rebecca Barnes till he troubled her peace, and set her heart in a flutter.

One fine summer evening there was a harvest-home supper, and the rustics drank the farmer's cider without stint. Returning from this banquet a colossal carter met Rebecca Barnes and proceeded to some very rough courtship. She gave him the slip, and ran and screamed a little. It was near the cricket-ground that Joe was rolling for a match to come off. He heard the signal of distress, and vaulted over the gate in front of Rebecca, just as the carter caught her, and she screamed violently.

"Come, drop that, my man, "said Joe, good humoredly enough.

"Who be you?" inquired the rustic, disdainfully, and challenged nine to fight.

"No, don't, sir; pray don't," cried Rebecca. "He is bigger than you, and he thrashes them all."

Joseph hesitated out of good nature. The bully called him a coward, and took off his coat. Joseph said, apologetically,

"He wants a lesson. I won't detain you a minute. Now, then, let us get it over;" and without taking off his coat, put himself in his favorite attitude. The carter made a rush, got it right and left as if from Heaven, and stood staring with two black eyes; came on again more cautiously, but while endeavoring a tremendous rounder that would probably have finished the business his way, received a dazzler with the left followed by a heavy right-hander on the throat that felled him like a tree.

Joe then gave his arm to Rebecca, who was trembling all over. She took it with both hands, and an inclination to droop her head on his shoulder, which made the walk home slow, amusing, and delightful to Joe.

After that evening Rebecca, who was already on the verge of danger, began to be divinely happy and unreasonably depressed by turns. She was always peeping at Joe, coming near him, and avoiding him; and then he took to spooning upon her, and she was sorry, but blushed with wild hopes, and thrilled with innocent joy.

At last energetic Joe spooned on her so openly that Mr. Sutton observed.

He made short work with both culprits.

"Rebecca," said he, "be good enough to keep that young fool at a distance. Joe, let that girl alone. She is only a servant, after all, and I will not have her head turned."

Rebecca blushed, and cried, and tried to obey.

Joe affected compliance, got impatient, and one day watched for Rebecca, caught her away from home, declared his love for her, and urged her to run away with him.

The instinct of virtue supplied the place of experience, and she rejected him with indignation, and after that kept out of his way in earnest.

However, before he left he owned his fault, begged her pardon, and asked her to wait for him till he got his family living, and was independent of everybody.

This was another matter, and female love soon forgives male audacity. Reckless Joe overcame her reasonable misgivings, and fed her passion by letters for three whole years, and she refused young Farmer Mortlock, an excellent match in every way.

By-and-by Joe's letters cooled, and became rare. He even declined his uncle's invitations on pretense of reading with a tutor in Wales.

Then Rebecca paled and pined, and divined that she was abandoned. Soon cruel suspense gave way to certainty. Joe was ordained priest, took the family living, and married Melusina Florence Tiverton, a young lady of fashion, high connections, and eight thousand pounds, which before the marriage was settled on her and her children.

Mr. Sutton announced this to his friends with satisfaction, and he even told it to Rebecca Barnes, whom he happened to find at a passage window sewing buttons on his shirts. He was fond of Joe, and thought his good marriage ought to please everybody, and so he was in a good humor, and told Rebecca all about it, and that he had promised the happy pair a thousand pounds to start with.

Rebecca turned cold as a stone, and kept on sewing, but slower and slower every stitch.

"Well, you might wish them joy," said Mr. Sutton.

"I wish—them—every—happiness," said Rebecca, slowly and faintly, and went on sewing mechanically.

Mr. Sutton looked at her inquiringly, but had already said more than was his custom at that period of her services; so he went about his business.

She sewed on still, feeling very cold, and soon the patient tears began to trickle, and then she put her work aside, and laid her brow against the corner of the shutter, that the tears might run their course without spoiling her master's collars and cuffs.

Not long after this the housekeeper left, and Mr. Sutton sent for Rebecca. "You are young," he said half hesitating, "but you are steady and faithful." Then he turned his back on her and looked at his wife's portrait. "Yes Jane," said he, "we can but try her." Then, without turning from the picture, "Rebecca, take the housekeeper's keys and let us see how you can govern my house."

"I will try, sir," said she; then courtesied and left the room with the tear in her eye at him consulting the picture of her they both loved.

Rebecca Barnes had made many observations upon servants and their ways, and entered on office with some fixed ideas of economy and management.

She did not hurry matters, but by degrees waste was quietly put down, the servants were compelled, contrary to their nature, to return everything to its place; the weekly bills decreased, and yet the donations to worthy people increased.

She had held the keys, and nearly doubled their number, about eight months, when Mr. Sutton gave her an order. "Barnes," said he, "Joe and his wife are coming to see me next Wednesday at 5 o'clock. Get everything ready for them at once—give them the best bedroom—and make them comfortable."

"Yes, sir," said she, and went about it directly.

She summoned maids, saw fires lit, beds and blankets put down to them, not sheets only, took linen out of her lavender cupboard, ordered dinner, and secured the comfort of the visitors, through heats and chills pervaded her own body by turns at the thought of receiving Joe Newton and the woman he had preferred to herself. "She is beautiful, no doubt," thought Rebecca. "I wonder whether she knows? Oh, no, surely she would never tell her. He would be ashamed." The mere doubt, though, made her red and then pale.

The pair arrived with their own maid; a house-maid under orders showed them to their rooms; Rebecca Barnes kept out of their way at first, and steeled herself by degrees to the inevitable encounter.

She took her opportunity next day and approached Mrs. Newton first with a civil inquiry if she could do anything for her.

"You are the—the—" drawled the lady.

"The housekeeper, madam."

"The housekeeper? You are very young for that."

"Not so young as I look, perhaps; and I have been sixteen years in the house." She then renewed her question.

"Not at present," was the reply "I will send for you if I require anything."

The words were colorless in themselves, but there was a hard, unfriendly, and superior tone in them rather out of place in a house where she was a guest, and a new one, and kindly civility just being shown her.

Down-stairs the lady did not charm. She desired to please, but had not the tact. Her voice was high-pitched, and she could not listen. Her husband, however, was in ecstasy over her, and rather wearied his uncle with descanting on her perfections.

Things went on well enough until she got a little more familiar with Uncle Samuel; and then, looking on him as virtually a bachelor, she must needs advise him from the heights of her matronly experience. She told him his housekeeper was too young for the place.

"She is young," said he, "but she has experience, and my dear wife taught her."

Instead of listening to that, and saying, "Ah, that alters the case," as most men or women would, this tactless young lady went on to say that she was too young and good-looking to be about a widower. It would set people talking, and so she strongly advised him to change her for some staid, respectable person.

"Mind your own business, my dear," replied the wool-stapler, with such contemptuous resolution that she held her tongue directly, and contented herself just then with hating Rebecca Barnes for this rebuke. But, when she got hold of Joe, she scolded him well for the affront; she never saw she had drawn it on herself. It was not in her nature to see a fault in herself under any circumstances whatever.

Joe, physical hero, moral coward, dared not say a word, but took his unjust punishment meekly.

However, after dinner, owning to himself that this infallible creature had made a blunder, he set himself to remove any ill impression. He descanted on her virtues; above all, her generosity and her zeal for her friend's interests, etc.

Uncle Sutton got sick of this marital mendacity, and said, "Now, Joe, don't you be an uxorious ass. She is your wife, and she is well enough; but she is no paragon." And so he shut *him* up.

They staid a fortnight, and then went home. As Melusina had intruded her opinion on Rebecca, Mr. Sutton, who came more into contact with the latter now she was housekeeper, had the sly curiosity to ask her, in a half careless way, what she thought of Joe's wife.

"Well, sir," said Rebecca, wiser and more on her guard than Melusina, "he might have done better I think, and he might have done worse."

Voice too shrill for me," said the master. "But I suppose he took her for her good looks,"

"Good looks, sir? What with a beak for a nose, and a slit for a mouth?"

Mr. Sutton laughed. "How you women do admire one another. Stop; now I think of it, this is ungrateful of you, for she told me you were too good-looking."

"Too good-looking!" said Rebecca. "What did she mean by that? Ah! she wanted you to part with me"

"Stuff and nonsense," said he, but he colored a little at the abominable shrewdness of females in reading one another at half a word.

Rebecca was too discreet to press the matter; she pretended to accept this disavowal, but she did not. Joe's wife to come into the house on her first visit, and instantly endeavor to turn out the poor girl that had been there from a child!

"And the cowards took on and on her," said she; "he that thought it little to defend me against the giant. Men are so strange, and hard to understand."

Next year Joe came by himself, and charmed everybody. Rebecca at last kept out of his way, for she found the old affection reviving, and was frightened.

Two years more, and the pair came on a visit at one day's notice. But all was ready for them in that well-ordered house

The motive of this hasty visit soon transpired. They had spent more than double their income since they married, owed two thousand pounds, and had an execution in the house.

Uncle Sutton was displeased. "Debt is dishonest," said he. "We can all cut our coat according to our cloth." But he ended by saying, "Well, make out a list of all the debts. Try if you can tell the truth now, both of you, and put them all down."

By this time Rebecca had become his accountant in private matters, and her fidelity and discretion had gradually earned his confidence. He actually consulted her on the situation, not that she could have influenced him against his own judgment. No man was more thoroughly master than Sam Sutton. But he was a solitary man, and it is hard to be always silent

"Bad business, Rebecca. Now I wonder what you would do in my place?"

"Do, sir? Why, pay Master Joe's debts directly. You will never miss it. But when I had paid them, I'd tell her not to come begging here again with a fortune on her back."

"Come, come," said Sutton, "she is dressed plainer than any lady in Frome. I will say that for her."

"La! Sir, where are your eyes? What, with those furs and that old point lace? Three hundred guineas never bought them. There are no such furs in Frome. I've seen their fellows in London. They are Russian sables, the finest to be had for money. And look at look at her fingers, crippled with diamonds and rubies. There's four or five hundred more, and that is how Joe and her money goes. I pity him; he couldn't have done worse if he had married—a servant."

Mr. Sutton looked very grave. However, he sold out and drew the check. But, unfortunately, instead of lecturing the wife he took the husband to task. He said he was sorry to see Mrs. Joseph so extravagant in dress.

"My dear uncle," replied he, "why, she is anything but that; she is most self-denying. I am the only one to blame, believe me."

"Now, you uxorious humbug," cried Uncle Samuel, "can't you see she has got three hundred guineas on her back in lace and sable furs, and as much more on her fingers? Where are your eyes?"

Joe looked sheepish. "I am no judge of these things, uncle. But I feel sure you are mistaken."

"No, I am not mistaken. Everybody knows the value of sables and diamonds."

Joe retailed this conversation very timidly to his wife, not to make her less extravagant, but more cautious under Uncle Sutton's eye. He took care to draw that distinction for the sake of peace.

His finesse was wasted. "It's the woman," said she, as quick as lightning.

"What woman?"

"The woman Barnes. She has told him—to make mischief."

"No, no! the old fox has got eyes of his own."

"Not for sables. It is the woman."

"Well, dear, I don't think so; but if it is, then I wouldn't give her the chance again."

"Me take off my sables because a woman is envious of them? *What do you think I bought them for?* I'll wear them all the more—ten times more."

"Hush! hush!" implored the weak husband, for the peacock voice, raised in defiance, was audible through doors at a considerable distance.

All this mortified Mrs Joe's vanity, and that was her stronger passion. She came no more to "Merino Lodge."

But she sent her husband once year with orders to bring home some money and get rid of the woman Barnes.

He was to tell Mr. Sutton, Barnes was a mercenary woman, and kept his wife away. But Joe's subservience relaxed when he got to "Merino Lodge," and his pen-hen could not watch him. He made himself agreeable to everybody.

One fine day he discovered that Rebecca was consulted in matters of domestic account, and that he owed the cheek he always took home in some degree to her good word as well as to his uncle's affection. Upon that he forgot he was to undermine her, and began to spoon a little on her; but this was received with a sort of shudder that brought him to his senses.

So the years rolled on, confirming the virtues and the faults of all these characters, for nothing stands still.

Joe Newton was forty-one, and looked forty-five; Rebecca Barnes thirty-eight, and looked twenty-five. Mrs. Newton was forty, and looked fifty; and Uncle Sutton, though fifty-seven, looked five-and-forty, thanks to sober living, good humor, and a fine constitution.

Joe's inheritance seemed distant, and he was always in debt, though often relieved.

But who can foretell? The stout woolstapler was seized with a mysterious malady, frequent sickness, constant depression. He struggled manfully, went to his office ill, came back no better; but at last had to stay at home.

By-and-by he took to his bed.

Rebecca wrote to Joe Newton. He came, and found his uncle eternally sick, and turning yellow.

Joe spoke hopefully, said it was only jaundice, but went away and told a different tale at home.

There he and his wife, demoralized by debt, discussed the approaching death of a great benefactor in hypocritical terms, through which eager expectation pierced.

"You are sure that has not made a fresh will? That woman has his ear."

"Make your mind easy, dear. He told me all about it himself not six months ago. He leaves us and our children all his money, except £5,000 to Rebecca Barnes."

"Five thousand pounds to a servant!"

"And only £200,000 to us," said Joe hazarding a little humor.

"Tied up, I'll be bound."

"Well, dear," said Joe, "even if it should be, our children will benefit, and we shall have enough."

"Five thousand pounds to that woman! And not tied up, of course."

Joe could have told her from his uncle's own lips why he was to have a life-interest only in that large fortune. "Your wife is vain, selfish, and extravagant, and you are her slave. She shall not waste my money as she has yours. It is all secured to you and your children"

But Joe preferred peace to admonition, and kept his uncle's reasons to himself.

Mr. Sutton was tenderly nursed night and day by Rebecca Barnes and a young orphan girl she had brought into the house as she herself had been brought thirty years ago. He was attended by Dr. Stevenson, an old friend.

But neither physic nor nursing could stop the fatal sickness that prostrated the strong man.

At last Dr. Stevenson, had a physician he had summoned from London, told Rebecca to prepare for the worst. He must die of inanition, and that shortly.

Rebecca sent a mounted messenger to Joe: "Come at once, or you will not see him alive."

Joe sent back work he would come by the first train.

But before he went his wife gave him instructions. "Now, mind, if he knows you, and can speak, do nothing. But if he is insensible, you must begin to think of your interests; you are executor; you told me so."

"One of them."

"And the one on the spot. There are quantities of plate and valuables in the house. You must fix seals and ask Barnes for her keys."

"Will not that be premature?"

"No, stupid; it will be just in time."

"Hum! she has been a faithful servant. I am afraid it would wound her feelings."

"The feelings of a menial? Besides, there are two ways of doing these things. Of course you will flatter her, and say you only want to relieve her of responsibility. But mind you secure her keys, or I'll never forgive you."

"Very well," said Joe. "I suppose you are right; *you always are.*"

He reached the Lodge, and Rebecca met him with a despairing cry: "Oh, Mr. Joseph!" and led the way to the sick-room.

They found Mr. Sutton yellow, and yet cadaverous, gasping and almost rattling for breath.

"He is dying," said Joe, awe-struck. "He will not live an hour."

Presently the patient gasped desperately and tried to raise himself.

"Lift him!" cried Rebecca, and seized a bath, while Joe's strong arm raised him.

Instantly there burst from the patient a copious discharge of black blood, or what looked like it.

Joe turned pale, and cried, "Oh, it is the substance of the liver," and he fell faint at the sight.

Rebecca stood firm. She gave the basin quickly to the girl, and filled Joe a glassful of neat brandy. He tossed it off, and it revived him

They laid the patient back gently, and Rebecca felt his pulse. It was scarcely perceptible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Three Eminent Lawyers.

Once Justice Byles was for the defendant in an action for breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff proved the promise to marry, and that the defendant had married some one else. The case seemed a question of damages, but Byles put two questions to the plaintiff: "Did not he promise to marry you when his father was dead?" "Yes." "Is his father dead?" "No." "That is the case, my lord," said Byles; "his wife may die before his father, or afterward, and he may outlive them both, when it will be time to fulfill the promise."

Roscoe Conkling has not forgotten the peculiar metaphors of his Senate days. The latest remark credited to him refers to his efforts to impeach the testimony of a rednosed witness who, Mr. Conkling thought, had lied while in the witness chair. In addressing the jury, Mr. Conkling spoke of him thus: "Gentlemen, I think I can see that witness now, with a mouth stretching across the wide desolation of his face, a fountain of falsehood and a sepulchre of rum."

Justice Bramwell, when attempting to be clear was at times rather perplexing. "My good woman," he would say to a witness, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left side, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or between the omnibus and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not the near brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively—or how was it?"

Curiosities of the President's Mail.

The President's mail at all times contains begging letters and impudent requests from people apparently in every grade of life. The approach of the holiday season materially increases the number of these letters. A small boy in Philadelphia, for example, writes the President that a pair of "Guinea" shoes would be an acceptable Christmas present, but promises to be satisfied with the equivalent in money if the labor in selecting the shoes is too great. A woman in a small town near Albany hopes the President will make her present of $3. It is the ambition of her life, she says, to own a look-box in the village postoffice, and as she is too poor to afford the luxury she begs the President to make her a Christmas present of the amount. A man in Arkansas wants a temporary loan of $30. The hunting season is at hand and he wishes to purchase a good pointer and setter to assist him in tracking game. He thinks with this assistance he can earn not only a comfortable living, but return the loan early in the spring.—*Washington Letter.*

Digestibility of Breadstuffs.

Dr. Walzen Muller, the German physiologist, remarks upon the common idea that an admixture of bran with flour renders the latter much less digestion, and asserts that the smallest comminution of the grain, as well as the amount of husky portion retained in the well-known Graham flour, produces a slight irritation of the digestive organs, which results in the separation of the pepsin from the husk of the grain, admitting of its mixture with the gastric fluids, thus greatly facilitating the process of assimilation; this mechanical irritation, particularly in the case of the aged and weak, being otherwise productible only by the use of alcoholic and similar stimulants. Dr. Muller is of the opinion that bread should not be made without salting, for the reason that the starch of the flour contains a large amount of the salt of potash, which neutralizes much salt in the system. Again, dry bread, which has been baked some little time, is most healthful, as the chewing process must of necessity be thorough and the bread consequently fully salivated previous to its entrance into the stomach. He also particularly urges the desirability of mixing the dough of bread with milk.

An Old Story Re-told.

We are having a new version of the old story that may never end, founded on facts that are ever obvious. Hippodromus, taking his morning walk in the streets of Lucignano, comes upon Theodectus, a laborer, and says to him: "Why are you always at work?" Theodectus answers: "I am always at work to get money to buy food to give me strength to do more work that I may get more money to buy more food to get more strength to do more work to get more money to buy more food to get more strength to do more work to get more money—" This is the beginning of the story without an end, and the facts on which it is founded, they are without end also.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

NO. IX.

ONE KIND OF AMUSEMENT IN PARIS.

The number of places of amusement in Paris that in America would come under the head of "variety theatres," is something enormous. There are over 60 recognized as first-class, and an infinity of others, where wine and tobacco are mingled with amusement of some kind, that are anything but first-class. The first-class places, of which the "Folies Bergere" and the "Palace" are the best examples, are enormous structures, built and arranged expressly for the kind of entertainment provided. No building could be altered over to suit this kind of thing; it must be designed and built expressly for it.

"FOLIES BERGERE."

The entrance only is on the street, the theatre itself occupying a very large area of ground back and running parallel with it. Street fronts are too valuable for purposes of this kind.

In the *Folies* you enter by a passage, say 30 feet in width, and find yourself in a most enchanting garden, glass roofed, and brilliantly illuminated. It is really a lovely garden. All sorts of plants native to the soil and exotics are blossoming and bearing fruit. The lemon, the orange, the citron, the palm, and pine, exquisite flowers and rare shrubs are here, with wonderfully fine statuary and beautiful fountains, the whole brilliantly illuminated.

Little tables, with fanciful rustic seats, are everywhere, the little seats being what makes the money for the place. The admission fee of 40 cents for men, women free, is merely an incidental sort of preliminary swindle, as it were, a prelude to the long series of small swindles that follow.

Farther on there is a very wide lobby, then an auditorium seated in the regular theatrical fashion, and then the stage.

There are several tiers of boxes, above the main tier; all with enormous lobbies and space back thereof seated and tabled.

Those who go to these places for the performance pure and simple, secure seats in the auditorium, for which they pay an additional price, and a very dreary time they have of it. The entertainment is always excellent of its kind, but to the mass of the audience it is purely a secondary matter. There are hundreds of remarkably well-dressed girls promenading the gardens and lobbies, girls of all ages, from the young ones of 14 and 16 who have just bidden good-bye to their decency and have lately embarked upon the life that leads to the Seine and the Morgue, to the experienced ones of 30 and even older, who by the aid of paint and powder, have yet a bowing acquaintance with youth and beauty.

Very free and liberal girls they are. There is no nonsense about them. Their business here is to accept invitations to drink, and afterwards whatever may happen. The young man who is just beginning "to see life" sits down with one as does the old roue who knows better, but does not care, and the young man from abroad who is having his fling in Paris. They all have the pleasure of paying four times for refreshments what they would pay if they took them without the assistance of the girl, and the price to them is about twice what the same goods would cost outside. This is where the managers make their money to pay the enormous expense attending the running of the concern.

THE INVARIABLE SWINDLES.

There are an infinity of little swindles, small singly, but as the audience is numbered by thousands, they aggregate enormously. For instance, cognac is put down upon the bill of "consommations" at a half franc. The young lady sitting with her victim asks for water with hers, and the victim qualifies his with water. When the bill is paid a franc, one hundred centimes, is tendered, with ten centimes to the waiter.

"One franc, fifty," remarks the waiter.

"The bill calls for one franc, two brandies at 50 centimes each," remarks the young man, pointing to the line.

"Monsieur is mistaken; will you notice the line at the bottom of the bill?"

You follow his finger, and there is a line of very small type, so small that no one would ever notice it unless his attention was called to it, which reads thus: "All drinks with water 25 centimes extra!"

Thus settled it. You pay 25 centimes for water for your rum.

And then the obliging young lady has expressed a desire for a cigarette and she takes the entire package, and she wants a few chocolates, which she is careful not to touch, and so, under her skillful manipulation, the few francs you intended to dispose of have come to ten or twelve or twenty. The goods she does not touch at all. After you leave her she goes to the counter they came from and gives them back, receiving her commission on them, as well as a cash commission on every cent that the entrapped young man has paid for her and himself. She smokes cigarettes, but she does not keep those she has enticed out of her escort. She can purchase them outside to better advantage, with the commission she received from the sale.

The performance on the stage consists of gymnastics, all sorts of singing, dancing and general variety business, and always a remarkably fine ballet. It is invariably good, but it is very tedious if the performance is what you are there for. For the point with the proprietor is the business in the gardens and lobbies, and the waits between the acts are very long—30 or 40 minutes. Four-fifths of the spectators are standing, and the waits are made long purposely. They become tired, they must sit, and the moment they occupy a chair in the garden a waiter appears, and they are morally obliged to give an order. These places keep open till 1 or 2 in the morning and are always crowded.

THE PALACE.

The Palace Theater has a wider range of entertainment. In addition to the regular variety business on the stage, there is a vast amphitheater in which there are nightly foot-races between men and women, professionals, of course, wrestling matches, Greco-Roman, between women, and all sorts of athletic entertainments. This amphitheater occupies the space that in the *Folies* is reserved for the gardens.

All the women who come to these places are not prostitutes, by any means. The French woman, virtuous or otherwise, loves glitter and light, and the poor sewing-girl and shop-girls are glad to get out of their garrets for the warmth and excitement of these theaters, inasmuch as it costs them nothing. It needs no man of the world to distinguish the two classes. Sugar is sold in this world at advance of one-half a cent a pound, while rum and tobacco bear a profit of 200 per cent. The honest girl who is a theatre goer for them, and their gloves are never even cleaned. They would scorn the economy of cleaned gloves. They have new ones and the best. They wear the fourteen and sixteen-button-toned gloves, they have jewels in their ears, and their boots are the latest style and the best and most fashionable material. Disguise them as they may, they cannot advertise their calling and can't help it. There are two stamps which nature always affixes, which he who runs may read. There is no disguising them, no passing off one for the other.

Though the one may be clad in silks and satins and the other in cottons, the cotton girl has the best of it. The other is trading on youth and beauty, and her occupation destroys both. Her life may be a merry one, but it is a very short one. A few very short years of the theatres, and a few brief months of wild dissipation, and roses in paint take the place of nature's roses in her cheeks. The men who were glad to furnish her money turn from her to later recruits to the ranks of the lost. Then she attempts to gain by art what nature once brought her, but she fights on the losing side. There is too much youth and beauty in the market for any other commodity to bring a price, and down she goes, and once started on the downward path the progress is frightfully swift. It ends finally in a plunge in the Seine, and an exposure on the cold table at the Morgue and that is all. Then six feet of ground in the Potter's field. The sewing-girl outlives her, and has the better of her life, if life is worth anything.

BALLS.

Once each week these places are given over to balls after the entertainment, which do not differ at all from the balls of the regular dance resorts, except that the crowds are larger and the attendance much more mixed. The proprietors get their profit from the trade in liquors and tobacco and very profitable they find it. For so long as there are women, so long there will be men to spend money upon them, a fact which these beings know and take advantage of.

Many of them are fancy dress and costume balls, and a brave sight they are. A floor covered with a thousand people, all in costume, is a good thing to look at, for many reasons. The combinations of color and all in motion to the most delicious music, is always attractive, even if much of it is absurd.

COSTUMES.

It is a settled fact that no one at these balls ever selects a fitting costume. If there is a mild, insignificant-faced fellow, with a retreating forehead and diminutive stature, he is certain to appear as a Lord Chancellor or as Moliere the poet. The baker's apprentice with legs that are miracles of thinness, always has himself gotten up as a Roman gladiator, and the great oaf of a fellow who has no more grace than a cow appears invariably as Romeo or Apollo. Likewise a brazen girl who cannot resist the temptation of putting her tongue in her cheek at you, masquerades as an innocent shepherdess, and the really innocent girl appears as the daughter of the regiment.

A favorite costume in Paris just now for young men of very bad development is that of the Spanish bull-fighter, and the highest glory he can achieve is to dance a Spanish dance with a damsel attired in a presumably Spanish costume. Imagine a young man giving his days and nights for a week to the acquirement of the steps; of a long practice, the painful study, and all for the glory of a five minute exhibition of his absurdity at a ball at the palace! Possibly the same performance is repeated at private parties, but in the very nature of things the dance which he was at such pains to acquire can only be utilized a few nights. There be those who give their whole minds to these things. Certainly they could not make a more economical contribution.

A STEP UPWARD.

The better classes in Paris are amused exactly as are the lower, the only difference being in the people. The respectable family delights as much in dancing as the lower orders and the principal amusements of the season is masquerade and costume balls at dwellings. And very pretty affairs they make of it, only there is always the same absurdity in costumes that are seen at the public dances. However the supper is always excellent, and after the masks are thrown off there is a vast amount of innocent fun evolved and much real enjoyment. They manage to make the most of these affairs. They commence at twelve at night so that those at the theater or opera may not lose that enjoyment, and they keep it up till day-light. Time is nothing so that pleasure fills up the minutes.

THE ONE NECESSITY.

Paris loves excitement and cannot live without it, and those who cater to her amusement take this fully into account. Everything to be successful must be sensational. No one understands this better than the actors and actresses who are the favorites. They study quite as much to keep the public interested in their personalities as they do to please them by artistic work after their frances are safely landed in the box office. A bad actress with a scandal attached is better than a good one who attempts to get on without this addenda.

Mademoiselle Sara Bernhardt is a shining example. She is a great actress, a very great actress, one of the greatest the French stage has ever produced, but she would not be half the attraction she is but for the consummate skill of her management. Every defect in her has been made to serve its purpose to attract attention to her. She is wonderfully thin—she purposely had herself painted a shadow. She, herself, started the fashion of squibbing her thinness, she herself wrote the first paragraphs and set the wits of Paris going on this quality in her physical make-up. She has a very little talent in sculpture, very little, and she forthwith employed poor artists to make models which she unblushingly put out as her own work, and had herself photographed, chisel and mallet in hand, in her studio. Her hair is very long and luxuriant and she made that the subject of paragraphs.

Early in her career, 25 years ago, she became the fashion, and the mistress at the same time, of the Duc D'Aumale, the richest nobleman in France. A boy was the result of this illicit connection and the great Bernhardt took great delight in having her movements chronicled as "Mademoiselle Bernhardt and son."

And the young D'Aumale, christened Maurice Bernhardt, was kept before the public continually and constantly. To the credit of the duke be it said he educated the young fellow, and when he became eighteen he purchased for him the Ambigu theater, of which he is now the manager, and Mademoiselle his mother makes that a medium of advertising.

In a burlesque at one of the minor theaters Maurice was introduced so capitally in burlesque that he appeared at once.

In the play the fictitious Maurice engages actors and actresses by the dozen at enormous and unheard of salaries.

"But who pays all these salaries?" demands one of the engaged, astounded by his liberality.

"Who pays? Ah, my papa, the Duc D'Aumale."

And the audience seeing the point, roar with laughter.

How many lovers she has had since the Duc no one knows.

This palling upon the public taste she resorted to an actual marriage. A young Greek named Damala was selected for the purpose, and that Bernhardt actually married him, much to the surprise of Paris, the lady's latitudinarian tastes being well known.

It had the desired effect. All Paris asked "How long will she keep him?" and she immediately doubled her terms for acting in Fedora.

For the moment Paris got through asking this question and the audiences began to drop off, she threw Damala overboard, and a separation was announced. Damala appeared in the papers in an explanatory card, saying that Paris treated his wife like a spoiled child, and announced his determination to enlist as a soldier and die under the flag. But he didn't, though. He received his pension from Bernhardt for his share in the little comedy, all of which had been arranged beforehand, and drinks his absinthe in the cafes with great regularity and much persistency.

No sooner was this excitement over, for so small a matter-of-fact people are in Paris, it was announced that she had fallen into financial difficulties, and forthwith it was hinted that she was compelled to sell her jewels, and after this had been hinted at and whispered, the public were electrified by huge placards announcing the sale at auction of the gems of the Bernhardt. And the s

Recent Literature.

Everything connected with the history of the civil war seems to acquire with each passing year, as more and more of the actors lie down to their last sleep, a greater interest to the public. As we get farther away from the times so full of what stirred the public heart, whatever is written is more likely to be free from prejudice and to give events in their true coloring. For this reason Gen. Walker's "History of the Second Army Corps in the Army of the Potomac," issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, will be read with avidity. The author says that when he began in 1882, after collecting materials, to work continuously upon the history four out of the five illustrious commanders of that body of troops were still living; but when the closing lines were written four were dead. Thus rapidly are the actors in that great drama passing away. The volume is enriched by portraits and maps which add much to the value of the work, which will undoubtedly take its place as one of the reliable war histories. It is printed in clear type and very neatly bound.

Harper Brothers, New York, bring out a very interesting and useful book for the students of English history, entitled "A Short History of Parliament" by B. C. Skattorne, an English writer who has had ample facilities for doing his work well. Those interested in tracing constitutional history will find in this volume a large fund of knowledge presented in a very pleasant form. The closing chapters especially interesting as throwing light upon many of the events in recent times, short accounts of which have appeared in the public press.

Harper Brothers also issue "Psychology," by John Dewey, who is assistant professor in Michigan University. He has attempted in this volume to make psychology scientific and up to the times and yet free from metaphysics. Some of the subjects treated are: Mind and Modes of Activity;" "Processes of Knowledge;" "Memory;" "Imagination;" "Thinking;" "Intuition;" "Feeling;" "The Will;" "Moral Control," etc.

"A Nation's Thanksgiving," which is "A Psalm of Praise," was written by Henry F. Darnell, D. D., the rector of Lion Church, Avon, N. Y. He was the author of "Songs of the Seasons," etc. This is a patriotic poem which illustrates the Divine power and goodness displayed in the origin, growth and development of the United States. It is prettily bound in cloth and gilt, and is printed on fine, heavy paper. Price, $1. Address author.

From Funk & Wagnalls, New York, comes "Teresa Itasca and Other Stories," by Avery MacAlpine. The first and longest of these tales gives its name to the book. It is written in a simple, pathetic style which touches the heart of the reader, who follows the beautiful Teresa with an interest that seems to belong to a real experience. There are two other short stories in the volume: "Alfrija; a Romance of the North Sea," and "The Omen of the Moon." The clear bold type is an attractive part of the book.

The same house issues "Before an Audience, or The Use of the Will in Public Speaking," by Nathan Sheppard. The book is made up of talks with the students of the Universities of St. Andrew's and of Aberdeen, Scotland, upon the subject of oratory. Some of the subjects treated of are the acquiring of a good voice and distinct articulation, by the exercise of the will power. It is an excellent work for its purpose.

"Perry's Saints" comes from D. Lathrop & Co., Boston. The author is James M. Nichols, who was himself a soldier during the war, and a brave officer. This is a history of one of the most remarkable men and regiments that served during the war of the rebellion, Rev. James H. Perry, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The story is told with a good deal of spirit, and will be read with pleasure by every reader who took active part, or who was personally interested in the war. It is admirably illustrated from drawings by a distinguished army officer. Price, $1.25.

The story, "Nina's Peril," published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York, has for its author Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller, who is already known by "Lady Gay's Pride." "Laurel Vane," etc. The present story is emotional and full of dramatic incidents, while a vein of pathos runs through the whole from first to last. Those who like a sensational story will find it in "Nina's Peril."

From Thomas J. Crowell & Co., New York, comes the second volume of the Russian work, entitled "Tchitchikoff's Journeys; or, Dead Souls," by one of the most brilliant of the authors of that country, and translated by Isabel F. Heapgood. The first volume has made this work known to the public, and this volume will find a ready welcome.

"Queen Sylvia, and Other Poems," by John Preston Campbell, is issued by Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati. He is already known by "The Peri's Pardon." A few of the present poems have appeared before, but most are new. While there are a few musical things here and there, as a whole, the volume is destined to die a natural death, for there is much that cannot be called poetry.

From the same publishers comes a second and enlarged edition of a very useful work entitled "Ohio Corporations other than Municipal." It is a complete manual of forms for organizing and managing companies and associations, by A. T. Bruner and G. A. Lanbscher. The importance of this work becomes more and more apparent each year, as corporations multiply and the money they control grows in volume. This volume is very complete, containing very much besides what bears directly upon the matter under consideration, but which is yet important to have easily accessible. Price, $8.3.

"Zitka, or The Trials of Raissa," is a Russian love story, by Henry Greville, from which the popular play of the same name has been dramatized. It is written with the fascination which the works of this author always possess. It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in paper covers. Price 75 cents.

Roberts Brothers, Boston, issue "Two Pilgrims' Progress," by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, who have made their names so familiar to the public by their little book called "A Canterbury Pilgrimage." The present work is written in the same happy vein as the first, and tells the story of their journeying from Florence to Rome. The book is well illustrated, and the quaint title page is an attraction of itself. The volume cannot fail to please.

The "Life and Character of Stephen Girard," by Henry Atler Ingram, is issued as a revised edition by the National School of Oratory, Philadelphia. It is the familiar story of a man whose good works speak for him. The heritage which he left the Quaker City is well known to the world, and renders any well-written account of his life, such as this is, extremely interesting.

Another work from the same publishing house is "Choice Dialogues for School and Social Entertainments," edited by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker, which will be found a very convenient little volume.

"The Young Wrecker of the Florida Reef; or the Trials and Adventures of Fred Ransom," by Richard Meade Bache, is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It is a story of real happenings, told in a bright, attractive way which is sure to interest boys. The fact that it has reached its sixth edition shows that it has already acquired popularity.

Literary Notes.

"Sir Hildred," described as "A Romaunt in Verse," is announced. It is the work of Miss Gertrude Harraden.

Rhoda Broughton's "Dr. Cupid" was published simultaneously in England, France, America, Germany and Italy.

A weekly newspaper in the English language, called *The Chinese Times*, is to be published at Tientsin, in connection with the Chinese daily paper, the *Shen Poo*.

Prof. Huxley has written for the *Youth's Companion* three articles which he calls "A Study in the Evolution of House Building."

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have in press a volume entitled "The Mystery of God," by Tymms; and "The Life of Jesus Christ, the Saviour," by Mrs. Watson.

William S. Gottsberger has in press "The Martyr of Golgotha," by Enrique Perez Escrich, from the Spanish by Adele Josephine Godoy, in two volumes.

The "Jubilee Edition" of "Pickwick," edited by Charles Dickens the younger, of which such high hopes were formed, has not at all answered expectations.

Mrs. Gen. Custer has finished the book she has been some months engaged upon, and it will be taken in hand at once by C. L. Webster & Co. It is a larger work than "Boots and Saddles."

Ginn & Co. will publish next month "A Primer of Botany," by Mrs. A. A. Knight of Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. Y. This book is designed to bring botany to the primary and intermediate grades.

A note from Mrs. E. R. Pennell, from York, England, under date of 15th December, mentions that she and Mr. Pennell have been in the north of England for the last few months, but will go presently to London.

An important and interesting book on the practical side of industrial education, by Mr. S. G. Love of Jamestown, N. Y., is announced for next February by E. L. Kellogg & Co., the educational publishers of New York.

A new work by Mr. Edward King, the well-known American journalist, will soon appear simultaneously in England and the United States, so that the copyright in both may be secured. It will be entitled "A Venetian Lover."

Dr. Barnard O'Reilly is making progress with his promised book, "Leo XIII. and His Times," but the work will not be published for some months. A feature of the book will be a series of splendid illustrations of scenes in the Pope's life.

Miss Yonge's "Jubilee Book" is, we suppose, now out in London. It was announced for Christmas. While public events of the reign of Victoria are duly recorded in it, special attention is devoted to the personal history of the Queen.

Two lives of the poet Coleridge are nearly ready for publication,—the important long work on which Mr. Ernest Coleridge has been engaged for several years, and a short biography by Mrs. Hall Caine. Both volumes are expected early in the New Year.

Mr. George W. Childs has contributed $500 to the Hayne-Wilde Memorial fund, intended to properly mark the graves of the two Southern poets—R. H. Wilde, who died 40 years ago, and Paul H. Hayne, whose death within a few months, is still fresh in memory.

In the January number of the *Southern Bivouac*, Judge Hines, in his story, "The Northwestern Conspiracy," tells of a visit of Judge Black to Mr. Thompson, in Canada, made at the suggestion of Mr. Stanton, who expressed serious uneasiness at the widespread dissatisfaction in the North, and who anticipated the defeat of Mr. Lincoln in 1864.

HUNGER, SUICIDE AND COLD.

The Miserable Life of a Clever Girl Whose Father is a Madman.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—The story of how Mrs. Theurault, the aged Frenchwoman who supported an invalid husband and a daughter by teaching French, became desperate from the poor success she met with, and jumped from High bridge into the Harlem river, last December, was all told in the papers at the time. But the story of the young daughter, left alone with her sick father, and with no means to support herself, has just been learned by a reporter. When Mrs. Theurault's suicide was made public, kind-hearted persons sent money and clothing to Miss Theurault. When the ice floated out of the rivers last spring, Mrs. Theurault's body was found and taken to the morgue. Valecia Theurault had then only $30 to keep herself and father from starvation. She gave $25 of this for her mother's burial. Rev. Dr. Malcolm interested himself in the girl, and though Mrs. Theurault was a Roman Catholic at the request of her daughter he read the service of the Episcopal church. Dr. Malcolm also had the father, who was subject to epileptic fits and who was greatly affected, sent to Ward's Island for three months. As long as her father was on the Island the girl remained in Brooklyn, and did well. When the old Frenchman was released he returned to New York, hunted up his daughter and insisted that she should keep house for him. She remonstrated, but in vain. She was afraid to be alone with him and threatened to have him returned to the island. The old man, who had allowed his wife to kill herself because she was desperate from hunger, opened a trunk, which he had always kept locked, and which his wife and daughter supposed to contain nothing but books, and produced nearly a thousand dollars in shinplasters and gold. He said that when he came from France he put the money in his trunk, and had forgotten all about it until he was on the island. Valecia bore with her father's whims until her sense of filial duty was exhausted. Then she made up her mind to leave him. She applied to Dr. Malcolm, who had befriended her, and he procured her a place with Mr. Frank Scribner, the publisher. Her father was sent to the hospital for three months. Valecia led a quiet life and greatly interested her employers in her welfare.

One day Mr. Theurault appeared in Mr. Scribner's office and demanded his daughter. He accused Mr. Scribner of having taken her from him. The old man became noisy, and Mr. Scribner had a policeman remove him from his office. Theurault then found where Mr. Scribner lived, and went to the house several times and demanded his daughter. Mr. Scribner had become so interested in the girl that he offered Dr. Malcolm $500 if he would raise the remainder of $2,000 necessary to place the old Frenchman in an asylum for life. Dr. Malcolm was unable to raise the money. Mr. Scribner was obliged to send the girl away, much to the grief of his two little daughters, whose governess Valecia had been. She returned to her father, but found it impossible to live with him because of his violence. Dr. Malcolm procured her a place with a lady on Washington square, where she remained for two months. Her father at last persuaded her to return and make another effort to live with him. He promised her he would be kind to her, and support her from the money he had kept for years concealed in his trunk. The girl thought it was her duty to take care of her father if possible, and again gave up a comfortable home. Old Theurault at first kept his word. Two months ago, however, he called her into his room one day, and drawing from his waistcoat a long carving knife, said he would kill her. Valecia told him she was ready to die, but would like to put on her best dress. The old Frenchman agreed and told her to go into the next room and put on whatever she pleased. The small room had a window opening on the hall, through which the girl made her escape. She returned to Dr. Malcolm, and told him of her father's actions. He advised her never to return to him, for if she did it was only a question of time when he would kill her. Dr. Malcolm had Theurault arrested, and he was again sent to the island for three months, where he is now. Valecia procured a place in one of the suburbs of New York, and when seen two days ago by a reporter she said that her only hope of safety is that her father will be unable to find her when his time on the island expires.

Significance of Precious Stones.

August, sardonyx; insures conjugal felicity.

June, agate; insures long life, health and prosperity.

December, turquoise; gives success, especially in love.

April, diamond; denotes faith, innocence and virginity.

May, emerald; discovers false friends and insures true love.

February, amethyst; a preventive against violent passions.

January, garnet; constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

March, bloodstone; courage, wisdom and firmness in affliction.

November, topaz; fidelity and friendship and prevents bad dreams.

September, sapphire; frees from enchantment and denotes repentance.

October, opal; denotes hope and sharpens the sight and faith of the possessor.

July, ruby; discovers poisons and corrects evils resulting from mistaken friendship.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective.—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

A Chance for Health

Is afforded those fast sinking into a condition of helpless debility. The means are at hand. In the form of a genial medicinal cordial, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters embodies the combined qualities of a blood fertilizer and depurent, a tonic and an alterative. While it promotes digestion and assimilation, and stimulates appetite, has the further effect of purifying the life current and strengthening the nervous system. As the blood grows richer and purer by its use, they who resort to this sterling medicinal agent, acquire not only vigor, but bodily substance. A healthful change in the secretions is effected by it, and that sure and rapid physical decay, which a chronic obstruction of the functions of the system produce, is arrested. The prime causes of disease being removed, health is speedily renovated and vigor restored.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE BOY.

The Optimistic View of His Opportunities To-Day.

This is a good age to be born in; the infant of to day, whose life is prolonged to the allotted term will see more wonders than any of his predecessors have seen, and if the world continues to progress as fast as it has been progressing during the past seventy years, the opportunities will lie before him of a fortunate career. He will be in a larger sphere and under greater responsibilities, but the more that is required of him the stronger will be his power of achievement. Men always rise to the occasion. If any work is to be accomplished, somebody is sure to come forward and take it in hand. No matter how arduous the undertaking, if it is within the scope of human prowess its completion will not be suffered to fail. It may be hindered, thwarted, misdirected, but in the end it will be successful. Rivalry is the powerful motor by which the great enterprises are impelled, and the zeal with which men are competing with others for the foremost places in the domain of industry and of art makes the contest for superiority intensely exciting. Everybody wants be in it; to stay out is to be lost sight of. And so year by year multitudes of new aspirants are entering the lists; the strife for position is increasing, and the results of the honorable emulation are exceedingly beneficial.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

THE PESSIMISTIC VIEW.

Taking all in all, the lot of a boy thrown entirely upon his own resources in this city is little less than hopeless. Even if permitted to live at home, the boy who is forced to go upon the streets or into the factories before he has strength or education to do good work, is probably doomed to remain an unskilled workman all his life. Every year manufacturing is carried on upon a larger and larger scale, and the division of labor is becoming greater and greater. As a result of this not only does the gulf between capitalist and laborer widen, but there widens with it a gulf between skilled labor and unskilled. The boy who goes into the factory does not learn the business, can not lay up capital. The time was when the boy who went in at the bottom could come out at the top. Is this possible in New York city to-day?—*Charleston Union.*

THE APACHES.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning Their Life in Florida.

A newspaper correspondent at St. Augustine, Fla. writes: The hotel keepers at St. Augustine are playing the 500 Apache Indian prisoners as an additional trump card for the attraction of tourists and pleasure seekers to this famous Florida resort. They tried, but tried in vain, to get Geronimo, but Pensacola captured him and put him in Fort Pickens. Think of half a thousand savage Indians taken from their wild, roving life beneath the trees in the forests of Arizona and put in camp and prisoners of war on the battlements of the most magnificent specimen of mediæval fortification on their continent! There are only 95 bucks in the party, a few of them captured on the warpath. The squaws and children were taken from their wigwams and peaceful occupations in the reservation and were hustled off, bag and baggage, to Florida, for confinement in Fort Marion because of Geronimo's gory sins.

They have not the remotest idea where they are. All they know is that after seven days' weary journeying on the cars, they were literally dumped somewhere under a hot sun, in a country very different from their own, with the flowers and fields about them always in full bloom. They had never seen the ocean before. Now they look upon miles and miles of one of the finest beaches in the world. Thirty of their children have been taken to Pennsylvania and put in a college for education within the past month. The Indians are allowed to roam about the narrow streets of the city, and they are now recovering from the fright which at first was almost appalling. I might write a volume about these interesting prisoners, but time and space forbid.

Mrs. Cleveland Speaks United States.

Mme. Romero, wife of the Mexican minister, introduced a friend to Mrs. Cleveland, and asked her if she spoke Spanish. Mrs. Cleveland smiled with ineffable sweetness, and replied that she did not, and said further:

"I fear I do not speak any language but my mother tongue."

It was right royally said, and should be a rebuke to those who have been cracking their throats and their tongues in their endeavors to speak the language of every foreign Envoy stationed here, and who got only ridicule for their awkward attempts. Mrs. Cleveland would have had the hearty approval of Mme. De Struve, wife of the Russian minister, who reproved some American girls for talking their bad French in the White House, and told them it was not polite to speak other than the English language in the house of the American President.—*Washington Letter.*

Australia's Wheat.

A Melbourne circular says the wheat crop promises to be a six-bushel average in South Australia and is a complete failure in the agricultural district, the rust having destroyed all hope of a yield. In the north of Australia the crop will run from 35 to 40 bushels to the acre on a small area of irrigated land, while on dry land the yield will be only about four bushels to the acre. This is an enormous difference, and may well be supposed to furnish a powerful argument in favor of the artificial watering which has already worked such wonders in the Rocky Mountain districts of this country and the further west. The uncertainty of the rainfall in Australia appears to be the great drawback of that country to the agriculturist.

A Sheep Story.

Abram Crotis, of Grant county, W. Va., tells a remarkable sheep story. He says that he was on the mountain near Petersburg Gap after a flock of sheep, when one of them, startled by the sudden appearance of the shepherd dog, leaped from a precipice and landed uninjured 175 feet below. Abram watched it to the bottom, he says, and saw that it passed the tops of several tall pines, leaving little tufts of wool as mementoes, and appeared to light in a trot, when it was thrown back against the mountain and there struck another top, and so on until it reached the ground.

The "Favorite Prescription."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name has become known over the world through his success as a physician, and especially through the reputation of his "Golden Medical Discovery," has done a good work in preparing an especial remedy for the many distressing troubles classed as "female weaknesses." It is known as the "Favorite Prescription." Under its administration all the pelvic organs are strengthened, and the woman becomes that embodiment of health and beauty which God intended her to be.

Family Gifts.

"Hubby, dear, I can't wait to tell you what I'm going to get you for New Year's!"

"Darling wife, what is it?"

"Well, I'm going to get you a silver cardtray and a bronze Hercules for the mantel, and a lovely Russian table rug to lay in front of my dressing case. What are you going to get for me, Tootsy?"

"I've been thinking, Jane, and I have about concluded to get you a new shavingbrush."

Trouble ensues.

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering upon its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, and we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eight street, St. Louis, Mo.

Good Advice.

An Eastern philosopher gives this advice to young people for the coming year: Rise early, dress sensibly, live temperately, avoid worriments, seek innocent amusements and save something. Try it on. It will do for old as well as for young.

Bright.

This word, although in itself a cheerful one, is much used in connection with one of the worst evils known to the human race. The most important symptom of this disease is a discharge by the way of the kidneys of the albuminous substances which should remain in the blood to be the nourishment of the system. Then the body wastes away and death closes the scene.

Is Bright's Disease ever curable? Ask *Mr. Geo. W. Edwards* of Philadelphia. He inherited it from his father who died of it. He suffered for a long time, and was in a painfully weakened condition. How was he restored to health? Simply by means of Compound Oxygen, which arrested the waste of albumen, drove out the disease, and made a new man of Mr. Edwards. He is now attending regularly to his business, as he has been ever since his restoration to health. The Compound Oxygen Treatment is not sold at the drug stores, but is to be had only of Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Write to them for a pamphlet-treatise, sent free, which tells all about it.

SPEARING MUSKRATS.

A Favorite Sport Down the Bay Shore—How it is Done During the Winter Months.

Toledo Daily Blade, January 8.

At this season of the year the number of people that make a respectable living catching muskrats along Lake Erie and the Maumee Bay and tributaries, is by no means insignificant.

At Cedar Point, about the small islands and at Bay Point, large numbers of muskrats are found. They are caught in various ways, spearing them being a favorite way when the ice is clear. They burrow in the banks of the streams, the entrance from the water to which is under water. The houses in which they make their winter quarters are always above the water from the runs. The hunter goes out on the ice with his spear and watches the runs that lead into the water from the burrows, or, as the muskrat hunter calls them, houses. Here he stands until the muskrat is seen swimming out. When it does appear it has no resemblance to a muskrat, as it looks like a large brown leaf, and one who has not hunted them would be deceived into believing it something else. However, the man, with spear in hand, when the leaflooking object appears, elevates his right arm and quickly thrusts the spear through the ice, impaling the rat to the bottom. The ice is then cleared away, and the rat brought upon the ice and dispatched.

At times the hunter goes ashore, and moving quickly up to a house, thrusts his spear into it, and frequently secures one or more. They are also shot and trapped, but the most exciting way of catching them is with the spear.

An old muskrat hunter relates that sometimes the muskrats are driven out of their burrows for want of air. However, this does not happen very often. He says that one extremely severe winter several years ago he went muskrat hunting at Cedar Point, and, as everything was frozen hard, the muskrats made their way out on the ice. He reaped a rich harvest, as he kept at the work of killing them for several hours, and when he was satisfied he found that he had 100 in his possession.

Along the bay and lake their principal food consists of grasses, vegetables, roots, etc. Many people consider the flesh equal to canvas back and when skinned the rats sell very readily. At Monroe, Mich., it is said there is a good demand for muskrats during certain seasons of the year, and that persons who buy them prefer the rats to squirrels, rabbits or poultry.

They are very prolific, bringing forth four to six young at a time, three times a year. Although large numbers have been caught from year to year they are yet quite plentiful, but not so much so as in former years when there were not so many inhabitants along the lake and bay shores.

AGRICULTURAL CONVENTION.

A Call from the Governor of Louisiana for an Interstate Meeting.

Gov. McEnery, of Louisiana, has issued a call for an Interstate convention in the interest of stock-raising, dairying, fruit-growing and general agriculture, to be held at Lake Charles, La., on the 22d, 23d and 24th of February, 1887. The convention will be formally opened on Wednesday morning, after the close of Mardi Gras.

One of the most noteworthy indications of the great industrial progress of the gulf states is the marked attention of their public men to agriculture and the efforts they are making to bring the theory and the methods of agriculture in those states into harmony with the teachings of science and the highest demands of a progressive civilization. Nature has been prodigal of her gifts to the state of Louisiana. Fertility of soil, salubrious climate, and for great variety of products, Louisiana ranks among the most favored countries of the globe.

Gov. McEnery has shown commendable wisdom in thus giving the weight of his official influence to call a convention which cannot fail to be of inestimable value to the farm interest of the state and country generally. We trust it may be widely noticed by the press, and that the results may be all the people anticipate.

This convention is so called that excursionists can remain in New Orleans till the close of Mardi Gras and take the train for Lake Charles on Tuesday evening.

Full information in regard to the convention and the low rates of transportation, can be obtained by addressing the secretary, S. A. Knapp, Lake Charles, La.

HERE'S YOUR QUININE.

Eggs are worth 5 cents apiece at Deadwood.

A Rapid City, D. T., man has married his mother-in-law.

In all, 1,590,000 barrels of salt are on hand in Michigan.

The next Connecticut legislature will contain 113 farmers.

A Kansas woman on trial for murdering her mother has her divorced husband for her attorney.

Sen. Sherman's pet name for the general is "Cump," an abbreviation of the latter's Indian mid-name.

Up in Washington territory it is said that the edelweiss, the famous flower of the Alps, is found on Mount Ranier.

The Rev. Robert Collyer preached a sermon in New York last Sunday on "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mrs. Burnett can now count herself among the apostles and prophets.

The North Star tobogran club of Grand Forbes, Dak., claim to have the longest artificial slide in the world. The trestle is 900 feet long, with a fall of twenty feet in 100 for the first 300 feet.

Before there was a railroad to the Black Hills Deadwood paid $11 a hundred on freight to Sidney, Neb., with a road within forty miles, the rate is $12.40, and there is much howling.

At a Hoosier reunion in Kansas the following was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That Indiana is a great state; that we will never go back on her, and also that we will never go back to her."

Dr. Edward Beecher, an elder brother of Henry Ward Beecher, formerly president of Illinois university, celebrated the 60th anniversary of his ordination Wednesday. Dr. Beecher lives in Brooklyn.

The United States Ministers to Germany, France, England and Russia receive $17,500 each; those to China, Brazil, Mexico, Japan and Spain receive $12,000. The general of the army receives $13,500, and the admiral $13,000.

It was a rather neat idea to hold an exhibition of American products and American industries in London. It will give our Anglo-maniacs a chance to learn something about the country in which they had the misfortune to be born.

Prospectors for gold in Calaveras county, Cal., have discovered a curious mountain. Its substance was found to be various qualities of ochre, and will yield a veritable mountain of paint, containing all the primary colors with all their various shades.

A new discovery is that by the simple use of citric acid or citrate of silver, sea water may be made drinkable. By this means chloride of silver is precipitated, and a harmless mineral water is produced. An ounce of citrate makes a half pint of water drinkable.

The crown prince of Germany, like Von Moltke, is a very silent man. He lives in a quiet, domestic way, and is said to be bitterly opposed to the sentiments of Prince Bismarck, and this is a source of considerable annoyance to the emperor. After his first audience with the pope his only remark was: "The pope is Frenchman."

A Queer Habit.

Among Pres. Arthur's papers there is doubtless a note which he once received from David Davis which amused the general very much. It was a brief and formal letter, but the peculiar thing about it was that Mr. Davis signed his name so close to the last line that nothing could have been written between the lines. Arthur thought it a very unconventional signature, especially as, at a hasty glance, it might be overlooked. But he learned that Judge Davis always signed his name thus to prevent any one from filling in anything in the customary blank space. It appeared that when he was a judge in Illinois a suit was brought before him to test the validity of a note. The ostensible maker admitted that the signature was his, but swore he never made the note, and it was developed on trial that some rascal had taken advantage of a blank space between the termination of a letter and the signature to fill in a note of hand, which he got discounted. The Judge, who was a very cautious man, took a hint from this, and ever afterward signed his own name so as to prevent such improper use of it.

Married for Money.

It is a queer thing how a new rose comes to be born. Did you ever hear? It is this way: Some enthusiast hides himself away in his greenhouse with a male and a female rose. He watches them for months or years, carefully, jealously, insanely almost, and finally, at the moment of most perfect efflorescence, he marries them and takes the seed. Ten thousand failures follow, but at last he produces a new flower and his fortune is made.

How to Save Money.

Wherever you live, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Either sex. All ages. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. All particulars free. Send along your address at once and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to workingmen.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

SOMEBODY down in Boston has discovered that handsome men are quite sure to lack that subtle something that gives winsomeness to lovely women, and that they are rarely ever so attractive as those who are plain in features. The latter may carry the hearts of women by storm, if they possess physical strength or a bright intellect. Mere good looks have little lasting influence over the feminine nature, simply because they do not carry with them any sense of personal power, which is what the fair sex like. Besides that, handsome men are sure to be vain, and are apt to make their vanity evident. Masculine vanity in regard to personal appearance will not be forgiven, and the Boston writer tells the truth in saying that "the man who poses for admiration on the ground of looks is a desperate bore."

IN the middle ages women had several open air pastimes which are now no more. One of them, which seemed to be most popular, was that of hawking, and the writers of those old times say that they excelled the men in this sport. The independence which crops out in this century in an entirely different way, showed itself them in parties going out without the escort of the sterner sex to pursue this pleasure. The hawk was a very important part of the household; and anything that pertained to his care was carefully studied by the feminine part of it. The mistress carried the bird, well hooded, upon her wrist to all kinds of gatherings, and there was probably as much rivalry in that direction as at the present day in dress or house furnishing.

ISN'T this reluctance to seeming to be old a part of, or an outgrowth of the lack of reverence for the aged, which, unfortunately, is a characteristic of the present day? It is not strange that men and women do not like to be laid upon the shelf as having outlived their usefulness, but if the community would treat with respect, instead of pity, those who have nearly run the race of life, if the young were taught to honor the marks of declining years as tokens of an experience and knowledge which they had yet to acquire, growing old would lose much of the dread which it now inspires. It is not always the infirmities that are hardest to bear, but the lack of respectful consideration that infirmities bring, and so it is not strange that they who have enthralled the multitude dread the hour when they must lay down their scepters.

A LITTLE training in parliamentary rules during school life would not be a bad thing in these days when everybody is liable to be called upon sometime in their lives, to preside over meetings. The knowledge is quite as important for women as for men, as there are organizations springing up in all cities, towns and villages with various objects, made up of women, which must be presided over by women, and to be able to do it in a dignified and intelligent manner, without confusion, and with a clear appreciation of what should and what should not be done, is a great accomplishment. It is true, that when such an office is to be filled for a length of time, a careful study of Cushing's Manual will make the way easy, but that is not on hand for accidental occasions, and a little knowledge before hand will prove to be a great comfort as well as convenience.

THERE might, however, be such thing as too much familiarity with parliamentary usages, as was the case with the young man the Boston *Record* tells of who was noted for his ease in presiding over lyceums and societies. He studied for the ministry and was invited to take charge of a pulpit in the absence of the minister.

"He'll be a shining light without a doubt," said his friends. But somehow when the young man came to get up in church to open the services he felt himself at sea and didn't know what in the world to do. So he provided for all possible contingencies by inviting one of the deacons to sit up in the pulpit with him where he could be on hand to prompt him if any knotty question arose. After the young student had pronounced the invocation and the choir had got up of its own motion and sung a voluntary and a chapter of the Bible had been read the young man turned a little uneasily to the Deacon. "Hymn 499," whispered the Deacon. The young man rose again with great confidence and said: "It is moved and seconded that hymn No. 499 be now sung. As many as are in favor of the motion will signify it by saying aye." An awe-struck silence fell upon the congregation. "Contrary minded no," said the "presiding officer." "It is a vote," he went on. The hymn was sung, and the services proceeded from that point like clock-work. It was evident that the young parliamentarian felt the ground firm under his feet.

WRINKLES are the *bete noire* of ladies who have lost the freshness of youth, and the feminine world has long sought some harmless means of eradicating them. The Salad-mixer proposes to reveal the secret of their prevention, and win enduring fame. Wrinkles are due to the gradual wearing away of flesh underneath the cuticle. Why does it wear away? Because the facial muscles have either too little or he wrong kind of exercise. It will be observed that wrinkles usually take a downward course. This is due to the wrong kind of exercise. What exercise? Why, the washing and wiping of the face, to be sure. Reverse the process, and instead of rubbing the face down in washing and wiping, always rub upwards. This will have the effect of counteracting the tendency of the flesh to depart from under the cuticle and will keep the face free from wrinkles. It is rather an awkward habit to acquire at first, but perseverance will make it second nature, and the result is worth the trouble. This exercise is designed particularly for the benefit of the eyes and upper portion of the cheeks.

THEN, for the middle and lower portion of the face, where hollowness, rather than wrinkles, is often noted, another plan must be taken. The facial muscles are subjected to very slight activity in the ordinary exertions of eating and talking. To fill the cheeks out plump and round, it is necessary to develop the muscles there. These muscles are very slight at the best, and any special effort well directed will increase them in strength. The most convenient exercise for this purpose is this: Take a piece of soft leather—kid or chamois skin will do—and put the end of it between the teeth; then chew gently upon it for several minutes, taking care not to raise the teeth from the leather. If the teeth are raised it will bring into play only the ordinary muscles of mastication, whereas the purpose is to develop those that are seldom used. One who tries this method will find the cheek going through a queer action that is anything but graceful and pretty; nevertheless it is immensely effective and will restore to its youthful plumpness even the most hollow cheek. Try it faithfully, and you will be convinced.

IS THE average wife jealous of her husband? The Salad-mixer fears so, for a shrewd and arresting trick was played by an Eastern retail merchant, which depended for its success upon uxorian jealousy, and was marvelously successful, so its projector avers. A large number of letters were sent to the residences of well-to-do married men, through the mail, care being taken to post them so that the delivery would be at an hour when the husband would not be at home. Each was addressed in the latest chirography fashionable to females—a big, angular scrawl—and distinctly marked "personal" in a corner of the pretentious envelope. "What woman writes to my husband like that!" was the wife's thought the minute she received it. In a jiffy it was opened, and she found a communication, in imitation penmanship, setting forth that the choicest Christmas gift is a so-and-so, obtainable, as specified. That circular was thoroughly read, at least.

A Logan Anecdote.

Numerous stories are told about Logan. One of them, which is relished by the politicians, is the remark he made some months after the Presidential election had been decided in 1884. The general had persistently refused to be interviewed. He came on to New York, and while here a friend asked him why he held his tongue. "Well," replied the general, "I am like the boy who stubbed his toe. You remember the story. A little fellow was sitting on a stump with his foot in his lap, when a farmer came along and asked what was the matter. The lad replied that he had stubbed his toe. The farmer rejoined that he did not seem to make much fuss about it, when the youngster said: 'Well, I am too big to cry and it hurts too bad to laugh.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contribution will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE NASHVILLE FIGHT; OR, HOOD'S RETREAT!

TUNE—"BONNIE BLUE FLAG."

Soldiers, no doubt you all have heard,
And many of you seen
How Hood, the great Confederate bird,
From Nashville had to lean.

CHORUS—Hurrah, hurrah!
Another victory's won!
Hurrah, we will with all our heart,
For Uncle Sam's the man.

The latter part of 'Sixty-four
He made his threats and brags,
That on Ohio's turbid shore
He'd plant his rebel rags.

Nashville, he thought, was in his way,
'Twas held by Union troops,
And so he thought he'd have his say,
And drive us from our works.

But Uncle Sam has ways and means
Of whipping just such men,
And so, of course, his army leans
Towards that haunted den.

Old A. J. Smith, with his command,
(Guerillas they are called),
Was ordered soon be on hand—
The city must be walled.

So from St. Louis he did start,
And went to help it free
The capital, the very heart
Of noted Tennessee.

The morning of December first
We reached the threatened place,
Just as the sun in splendor burst
Upon each soldier's face.

We to the front were taken soon,
To form a living wall,
And wait for Hood to take his boon—
The noted capitol.

We worked all night, as soldiers can
When 'tis for their defense,
We did not flinch—no, not a man
Till we did well entrench.

But 'twas all labor spent in vain,
For he did never try
To take those works—he knew the gain
Could be put in his eye.

December fifteenth was the morn
We thought to try old Hood;
Our banners, they were proudly borne,
As we in line there stood.

We started soon, with solid tread;
Determined now to take
Old Hood and all the traitor had—
Our lives they were at stake.

We found the enemy, ere long,
Behind his works concealed,
And then there was a noisy song,
From cannons fierce it pealed.

'Twas fun to see our batteries play,
They threw the shells so fast,
'Twas evident we'd win the day,
And whip the Rebs at last.

But soon we had a hand in too,
While thick the shot did fly;
The battle-cry was "boys, go through!
'Tis either live or die."

And true it was; we did go through,
Though many of us fell;
We died as Union soldiers do;
We made our fighting tell!

Next morning, just at break of day,
We formed our lines again;
Advancing now in stern array,
New victories for to win.

Gilbert's brigade—good fighting boys—
Lay in reserve that day,
Just under all the whizzing noise
Of shells thrown from each way.

Near four o'clock, that afternoon,
Old A. J. hove in sight;
And then a charge was ordered soon,
Commencing on our right.

We waited till we saw the boys
Triumphant we ascend;
When, cheering to express our joys,
We charged from end to end.

Such charging, too, is seldom seen;
The rebels thought our lines
Would number deep some seventeen;
They saw some rough old tines.

The trophies all together earned
Were many thousand men;
And cannons sixty-two, I learned,
Were caught within the pen.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries concerning the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If you can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

The Gypsey's Warning.

Inquirer, Hitersville, Ia.:

Can you tell me where I can get the songs entitled "The Gypsey's Warning," the answer to it, and "Nellie Wilson?"

The "Warning" is the only one at hand; perhaps our readers will kindly furnish copy for the others:

Trust him not, oh! gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet;
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Gently pleading at thy feet.
For thy life is in its morning,
Cloud not this thy happy lot,
Listen to the gypsey's warning,
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Young and pure, and like thee, fair;
But he woo'd, he woo'd and won her,
Filled her gentle heart with care.
Then he cared not for her weeping,
He cared not her life to save—
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Lady, turn not from me coldly,
For I've only told the truth;
From a stern and wearing sorrow
I would only shield thy youth.
I would shield thee from all danger,
Shield thee from the tempter's snare;
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger,—
I have warned thee, now beware.

Keep your gold; I do not want it;
Lady, I have longed for this,
For the hour that I might foil him,
Rich him of expected bliss.
Yes, I see thou'rt filled with wonder
At my words, so strange and wild;
Lady, in the green grave yonder
Sleeps the gypsey's only child.

Concrete.

W. H. S., Anderson, O.:

I have been a reader of the BLADE for thirteen years, and I am at a loss without it. This is the first time I have had to write for information. Please give me all the information you can concerning the making of concrete for walls for bridges or cellars.

There are various processes, and new improvements are constantly being added. The inmates masses of concrete which form the foundations of the East river bridge between New York and Brooklyn are composed of one part of Rosendale cement, two of sand, and four of coarse gravel and broken stone from an inch to 2½ inches in diameter. The cement and sand were first mixed with water in a mill, and afterward incorporated with the gravel by means of shovels and by hand, the latter operation being performed for the most part in the caissons, which were 172 feet in length by 102 feet in width. As this concrete rises below the bed of the river, and is therefore confined, there is little doubt that it will endure for centuries. The American building block company produces an artificial stone with silicious sand and lime, by subjecting the mixture to great pressure. There are two processes. The first is as follows: Rich lime is slacked with a small quantity of water, and mixed with moist sand in sufficient quantity to fill the voids. The mortar is then put in moulds and subjected to great pressure, which increases the tendency to formation of silicate of lime. The pressure should be so great that the grains of sand are forced into almost actual contact, so that when the chemical action is completed nothing but silica, and silicate of lime holding it together, will remain in the block; the surplus alkali being compounded and forced to the outside, where, by slowly hardening in the presence of air, they form a coating which does not detract from the value of the stone. The other process employs quick instead of slacked lime, which, being mixed with moist sand, is slacked by steam under pressure. A more complete union between the lime and sand is thus effected, prin.ipally in consequence of the greater heat employed, and it is also found that the stone hardens more rapidly than in the first process. The Union Stone company of Boston produce an artificial stone in imitation of several natural stones. The materials used are magnesite (native carbonate of magnesia, which is found in various parts of the United States and Canada,) chloride of magnesium, and sand, or powdered marble; or silicate of magnesia, obtained by reduced to caustic magnesia by burning, is then mixed with sand or powdered stone in the desired proportions. A solution of chloride of magnesium is added, and the mixture is triturated in a mill, when it is formed into moulds and firmly rammed. Hardening commences immediately, so that the block may be removed as soon as the ramming is done. Full information in regard to the manufacture of concrete may be found in the "Practical Treatise on Cojnet Beton and Other Artificial Stone," by Gen. G. A. Gilmore, U. S. A., and in Henry Reid's "Treatise on Concrete."

John Law.

J. N. E., Ionia, Neb.:

Please give me the history of the Mississippi Bubble, and John Law's connection with the same.

John Law was a British financier, with an excellent education, but early became notorious as a gambler and roue.[1] Having killed an antagonist in a duel, he fled to France. Thence he went to Holland, where he made a special study of banking in the great bank of Amsterdam. Returning to Paris, he was expelled from that city, but not before he had obtained admission to court circles, and gained large sums by gambling, and the favor of Louis XIV., and the necession of the Duke of Orleans to the regency. Law re-entered Paris with a fortune of more than $500,000, made by gambling. He opened a bank under royal authority, and did a thriving business, which was the first step to establish the Mississippi or West India company, based on the scheme of colonizing and drawing profit from the French possessions in North America. This company soon absorbed the French East India company under the general title of the Company of the Indies. It extended its capital to 629,000 shares of 550 livres each, and engaged itself to lend the king 1,600,000,000 livres at 3 per cent. An extraordinary fever of stock gambling had been gradually excited by these financial efforts, and the result was that the shares of the company rose to 40 times their original value. Great extravagance resulted, and land near Paris was held at fabulous prices. Law was now made comptroller general of the finances, and his power was almost absolute. But the constant decrease of specie in the country, and the issue of new government notes, soon undermined the company. A crash came, the shares sank in value, and Law became a fugitive. Believing sincerely in his system, he attempted in his fortified camp, the Burgundian army was put to flight; as Charles said, "Twenty thousand men turned their backs on ten thousand without drawing a sword," and the slaughter of the fugitives was frightful. But the victorious Swiss soon returned from the pursuit to plunder the camp. The spoils were enormous.

The remnants of the Burgundian army gathered in camp at Lausanne, where, after long prostration by illness, Charles organized another army, with which he invested Morat, and where his army was completely annihilated, as before stated. By this battle he also lost Lorraine. He was now alone; his allies shrank from him, and he was looked upon as a doomed man. He again gathered an army of 20,000 men, and in September commenced a prolonged siege of Nancy, during which his army dwindled to 10,000. On the night of January 4, 1477, he silently marched his forces to a point half a league southeast of Nancy. The next morning (Sunday), after mass, the troops of Rene, Duke of Lorraine, marched out against the Burgundians. The battle was brief. Charles fought with desperation but was soon struck down by a Swiss halberd. In an hour the Burgundian army was destroyed. A simple stone cross still marks the spot where the body of Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, was found on the field of Nancy.

Hawthorne and Holland.

J. C. S., Leslie, Mich.:

Please give a biographical sketch of Nathaniel Hawthorne and the name of J. G. Holland.

1. Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804, at Salem, where his English ancestors settled early in the 17th century; he received a collegiate education; after quitting college he resided many years in Salem; in 1832 he published in Boston an anonymous romance; in 1837 he collected a number of his tales and sketches, and published them under the title of "Twice-told Tales," of which a second edition appeared in 1842. From 1838 until 1841 he was a weigher and guager in the Boston custom-house. In 1843 he married and took up his abode at Concord. From 1846 to 1850 he was surveyor of the port of Salem. Of this decayed old custom-house and its venerable inmates he gave a graphic and satirical sketch in the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," 1850, a powerful romance of early New England life, which greatly enhanced his reputation. He then settled in Lenox, and wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," 1851. This was follow d in 1852 by "The Blithedale Romance," in which, as he says, he attempted to make free with his old and affectionately-remembered home at Brook Farm, as being certainly the most romantic episode of his own life. In 1852 he removed from Lenox to Concord. He had, during the Presidential canvass of 1852, published a life of his old college friend Franklin Pierce, the latter, in 1853, appointed him to one of the most lucrative posts in his gift—the United States consulate at Liverpool. He resigned in 1857, and traveled in Europe two years. He died in Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. Complete editions of his works, in 18 volumes, have been published since his death.

2. Holland ("Timothy Titcomb") was born in Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819. Having practiced medicine for a short time, and afterwards edited a literary journal for a few months, he passed a year in Vicksburg as superintendent of its public schools; in May, 1849, he became associate editor of the Springfield Republican, with which he was connected until 1866; in 1870 he became editor of Scribner's Monthly. He was a successful public lecturer and a voluminous writer. He died in 1881.

Landlordism.

Reader, Champaign, Ill.:

1. Please give a history and description of the extensive tenant and landlord system as now existing in Great Britain and Ireland. 2. Has any legislation been proposed to prevent this wrong and accumulation of land and avert the impending danger of having in the future the most extensive and oppressive system of landlordism the world ever saw, in America?

1. Where the promises consist of a farm, the tenant is bound to repair the fences; and when a tenant makes great improvements on a farm, he has no claim against the landlord for the value of such improvements, if no express agreement has been made. It is this state of the law that has given rise to constant disputes in Ireland. In case of fire, if nothing has been expressly agreed upon, the tenant is bound to go on paying rent as if the house actually existed; and yet there is no means of compelling the landlord to rebuild the house, and it is not even expressly stated in any statute that the tenant can get quit of his lease by offering to abandon it.

A landlord is privileged above all other creditors as to the way in which he recovers his rent, for he can not, like other creditors, go to the expense and delay of bringing an action, but he can take distress on the premises, i. e., seize at once as much furniture or goods as he finds there, to pay the rent in arrear; and can recover six years rent in this way. And it is immaterial whether the goods so seized belong to the tenant or not; it is enough for the landlord's purpose that they are found on the premises. If one the goods be taken off the premises, the landlord's security is gone. The landlord must not use force to gain admittance; he may use strategem, and, once inside, he can effect his purpose by seizing a table in name of some other goods, leaving the sheriff or bailiff in possession. It is a complicated system, generally in favor of the landlord, and not easily understood in this country. 2. There has been some talk in Congress of limiting the amount of land a man or corporation should be allowed to own; but it is not likely to ever take tangible shape in the way of legislation. It is a delicate matter for a legislative body to say what a man shall do with his money—whether he shall invest in cattle or hogs, coal, bonds or banks, gold or silver mines, agricultural lands, railroads, steamboats, manufactures, printing offices, or churches.

The Orinoco River.

J. F. R., Fairbury, Neb.:

1. Will the Question Bureau please publish what the news of the Orinoco and Negro rivers of South America? 2. What is the number of Republicans and Democrats of each House of Congress?

1. The Orinoco (in an Indian language "coiled serpent") rises in the Sierra Nevada of Venezuelan Guinia, winds successively west, north and east through the centre of the Venezuelan territory, and enters the Atlantic by numerous mouths. Its total course is estimated at 1,600 miles, for more than the latter half of which it is navigable. Area of its basin, 252,000 square miles. The principal affluents, in descending, are, from the west, the united stream of the Guaiapa and Guaviare, the Meta, the Arauca, and the Apure. Some of these tributaries are larger than the Danube. Those from the right are the Venturi, the Caura, and the Cuyuni. By the Casiquiarne it has a singular navigable communication with the Rio Negro and the Amazon. At 200 leagues from the ocean its breadth is about three miles, and at Angostura, about 250 miles from its mouths, to which point ocean vessels reach, it is four miles across, and, when lowest, 60 fathoms deep.

Two remarkable rapids occur in the upper part of the Orinoco, called the Atures and the Maypures. The former consists of a confuse mass of little cascades succeeding one another like steps, and where numerous islands and rocks so restrict the bed of the river, that out of a breadth of 8,000 feet, there often only remains an open channel 20 feet in width. The waters of the Orinoco rise from April to October, attaining their greatest height in July and August. The vast plains through which the river flows are at this season to a great extent overflowed. Both banks of the stream are densely wooded, and, like the river itself, full of animal life. The numerous channels by which the Orinoco below Angostura communicates with the Rio Negro and with the Amazon are important enough to be navigated by large steamers.

2. Democrats, 34. House—Republicans, 141; Democrats, 184.

Miscellaneous.

F. C. H., Scott, O.:

Is the new nickle with the V without the cents on worth more than five cents?

No.

There is a request for a descriptive letter from the valley of the Gila river in Arizona, its productions, healthfulness, and whether there is any government land to be had.

W. W. T., Lamar, Mo.:

Please inform me if D. R. Locke and Robinson Locke are the same person.

Robinson Locke is the son of D. R. Locke (Nasby.)

A. S. S., Adams, Mich.:

Which is the best lighted city in the United States?

Some say Omaha, others Philadelphia, others New York.

W. E. C., Los Angeles, Cal.:

Is land (upon which final proof has been made) taxable before a patent has been issued by the government?

Think not.

J. M., Spencerville, Ind., writes: "Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me what part of Kansas would be the best for an ex-soldier with small means to go to to locate a homestead? Please answer through the BLADE."

M. J. S., Dewoy, Kan.:

Please give us the capital of Louisiana, as there is a dispute in our schools in regard to it.

Baton Rouge. This "dispute" has been settled by the Bureau every month for five or six years.

S. G. C., Getty, N. Y.:

Let me know, through your columns, if you will publish in your paper a satirical poem entitled, "Nothing to Wear," which I have in pamphlet form.

It is not in use.

A. H., Litchfield, Minn.:

1. What is the postage on a letter to France from America? 2. Also from the United States to England?

1-2. If prepaid, five cents; when not prepaid, double rates are collected.

S. B., Rays, O.:

1. What is the capital of Dakota? 2. What is the population of the United States? 3. What is the population of Washington, D. C.?

1. Bismarck. 2. [illegible] the population was 50,155,783; the popu[illegible]as increased very rapidly since. 3. About [illegible],000.

Reader, LeRoysville, Pa.:

When, where, and by whom was the first stars and stripes ever raised?

The first authorized legislation by Congress for the adoption of the flag was on June 14, 1777; and it is said that the flag was first unfurled by Paul Jones, on the Ranger, to the command of which he was appointed on the same day.

C. E. S., Ada, O.:

The constitution of the United States says that "the Vice President shall act as President of the Senate." Now, in case of the death of the Vice President, is the president of the Senate promotepore the Vice President of the United States?

No; he is simply the presiding officer of the Senate.

J. R. W., Wooster, O.:

Please explain how carrier pigeons are taught to find the destination to which they are sent with messages.

Carrier pigeons in this country are trained by being conveyed, when young, to short distances of a few miles from home, and then let loose, the distance being gradually increased. In Eastern countries, the pigeons are brought from the place to which they are to return, but exceeding a fortnight of their being let loose, and at a time when they have young in their nest. The bird is also kept in the dark and without food, for at least eight hours before being let loose. The instinct by which it is guided, like most other instincts, has received no sufficient explanation.

R. P. B., Parker's Landing, Pa., writes: "Please allow me to correct a statement in regard to oil wells in Pennsylvania. You answer that seven out of three are going out and going dry. I live among them, and have for twenty years; there are thousands gone dry years ago, never to produce another pint of oil; and they are being abandoned every day, too, almost all over the oil regions. Some wells produce oil in paying quantities, though, for years."

M. R., Rosebud, Mont.:

Please give law concerning coal claims on government land.

After mineral lands have been surveyed, mapped and described, they are offered for sale, but in quantities of not more than 40 acres. These are generally sold at auction, but no bid less than $5 per acre will be received. If not sold at public sale, they are then subject to private sale at that price.

B. L. R., Argayle, N. Y.:

1. Who was the author of the "Thirty Years' View?" 2. Why did the Iroquois generally favor the English more than the French? 3. What was the Gadsden purchase?

1. Thomas H. Benton. 2. The English made use of the Iroquois to control the fur trade, and assisted them in maintaining war on their enemies. 3. Gen. James Gadsden, when minister to Mexico in 1853, negotiated the "Gadsden Purchase," now known as Arizona, for $10,000,000.

B. G., College Springs, Iowa:

1. In what manner are the employes of the House of Representatives at Washington paid—by the day, month, or year? 2. What is the lowest wages paid to men in the employ of the House? 3. Since when has it been customary to give a month's extra wages to all the employes of Congress?

1. The most of them are employed by the year, and are paid every month. 2. Of those employed by the year, $828. 3. Do not know.

Reader, Fredonia, Pa.:

Please give the cheapest and best way to build an ice house.

The walls should be double, or better still, treble, being altogether from three to four feet in thickness, and having hollow spaces between to render them non-conductors. The blocks of ice are covered up with sawdust, a layer being placed between each course of blocks. When fully stored, a large quantity of dried marsh-grass should be trodden in upon the top, to the thickness of several feet, and the doors then securely closed.

R. W. B., Pulaski, Ind.:

The editor of *Farm and Fireside*, of Springfield, O., says that "color has no objective existence. It is simply the brain's interpretation of the rapidity with which the waves of the ray of light beat against the retina. Beats move rapid, produce the sensation of the mind known as violet; beats less rapid, that known as red." Is this the teaching of science?

This is the teaching of some scientists. We cannot spare the space to give the full theories of light, color, etc., advanced by those who know, or pretend to know, all about the subject.

R., Pomeroy, W. T.:

In your issue of December 2 you give an account of an explosion in a coal mine in Pennsylvania. Will you please tell us how coal mines are ventilated?

Ventilating machines (exhausting or blowing machines) are used almost exclusively in coal mines, when a great excess of air, to dilute injurious gases, is a vital necessity. These ventilators are either reciprocal (pumps), or rotary (fans). The latter are generally employed, and for coal mines very much the latter, as they are usually preferred to the blowers. The distribution of the air currents through the mine, so as to bring fresh air to the workmen, and remove all foul gases to the upcast, is very important, and requires a system of air courses, doors, etc.

B. H. H., Seneca, Kansas:

Will you please tell me if the Speaker of the House of Representatives can vote on any occasion, and have the same privileges as the other representatives?

In all cases of ballot, the Speaker of the House must vote; but he is not required to vote in other cases unless there is a tie, when he must give the casting vote. When the House goes into committee of the Whole, the Speaker leaves the chair, but appoints a chairman to preside for the time being. The Speaker then takes his place among the members, and takes part in the debate, if he wishes. As all important legislation is considered in committee of the Whole before being finally acted upon, the Speaker has an opportunity to express his views and cast his vote.

C. L. M., Kearney, Neb.:

1. What is the best known remedy to purify and renew the blood? 2. What has been the fastest time between New York City and San Francisco? 3. By what process is oleomargarine produced, and to what extent is it being manufactured?

1. Try this: Mix one-half ounce sulphate of manganese with one pint of water; dose, a wine-glassful three times a day. This can be used in the place of iron tonics, or in connection with it. 2. The mail time is 151 hours, but we think the trip has been made in about 140 hours. 3. The process has been described at length in the BLADE. The manufacture is not so extensive since the passage of the anti-oleomargarine law, but still considerable quantities of the stuff is made and sold.

EDITOR QUESTION BUREAU:—Your answer to "L. H. G.," Sidel, Ill., is regard to corn in Chicago, is not entirely correct. The difference between cash corn and any future month is what it will cost to carry the corn in the elevators to that month. If "L. H. G." wishes to sell May corn he can do so by making quotations, and when May comes he can either deliver the corn to fill the sale or pay the difference, if corn has advanced, and take the difference if corn has declined. He and the party he sells to are the *dealers*. A commission firm will do the business for him for one-eighth cent per bushel in case the corn is not delivered, and one cent if it is delivered. He will have to deposit some money as security that he will perform his contract, namely, that he will deliver the corn or pay the difference if corn is higher in May than what he sold for.—F. E. B., Wykoff, Minn.

A. H. W., Avondale, O.:

1. Where was West Virginia first settled? 2. Do ocean steamers traverse the great lakes?

1. The Blue Ridge mountains marked the western boundaries of settled Virginia until about a century ago, Eastern Virginia possessed half a million of population at that time, while West Virginia was yet an unbroken wilderness. Settlements were made in Greenbrier and Berkeley counties even before the close of the Revolutionary war. Soon afterward the tide of emigration passed over the mountains and rolled westward. The pioneer settlers were of English, Scotch and Irish descent, with a slight intermixture of Pennsylvania German blood. West Virginia began its separate history May 13, 1861, when delegates from 25 counties met in convention at Wheeling and passed resolutions opposing the ordinance of secession which Virginia had passed. The act of Congress providing for the admission of West Virginia as a state was approved by the President December 31, 1862. 2. Occasionally.

M. J., Linwood, Neb.:

1. Where did ancient Greek history end? 2. What connection is there between Roman and Anglo-Saxon history? 3. What are or have been the supposed antagonisms between science and the Bible?

1. About 146 B. C. 2. The Roman age in Great Britain extended from 55 B. C. to 449 A. D. Christianity was introduced among the Anglo-Saxons in the end of the sixth or the beginning of the seventh century, A. D. 596, Augustine became the first archbishop of Canterbury; and before the close of the seventh century the whole of Saxon or German England was a Christian country under one metropolitan. 3. The history of how the first Anglo-Saxon sovereign who embraced the Christian doctrine. The term Anglo-Saxon is of modern origin, being the collective name given by historians to the various Teutonic or German tribes which settled in England, chiefly in the fifth century, and founded the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. 3. Creation of the world, origin of man, etc., etc.

Reader, Rockdale Mills, Pa.:

1. Please give an account of the battle of Malplaquet. 2. Where can I procure a copy of the debate on Foote's resolution in the Senate, in February, 1832?

1. The battle was fought September 11, 1709, between the allied forces under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French under Marshal Villars. The battle commenced at 8 a. m., the principal attack of the allies being directed upon the enemy's left, where Villars himself held command. The French at first repelled their assailants, but Villars having become disabled by a wound, the allies succeeded in forcing the position; and the French, in spite of desperate efforts by the new commander, Boufflers, and the chevalier St. George, son of James II., eventually succumbed, though they effected their retreat in good order. In this battle, the bloodiest in the war of the Spanish succession, the allies, who brought into the field 80,000 men and 140 guns, lost in killed and wounded more than 20,000 men; the French, who numbered 70,000 men, with 80 guns, lost more than half that number; but some accounts place the loss on both sides as high as 42,000. 2. Do not know.

Mrs. Sarah A. Kelly, better known as the "Bard of Shanty Hill," who has gained national fame through her eccentricities, has been admitted to the Lackawanna (Pa.) hospital. She is suffering from a complication of diseases, and her recovery is doubtful.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Chapped and Oily Skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

CONGRESSIONAL STATIONERY.

Strange Things That Come Under That Head at Christmas Time.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Christmas times sorely tax the stationery account of the members of Congress. Christmas is sticking out at every point in the little stationery room in the basement of the Capitol. Everything is scattered about in wholesale abundance and at wholesale prices. After passing down the narrow hallway, between high piles of business-like packages of official letter-head paper, bill forms, account books, and what not, of an entirely uninteresting and not picturesque character, there bursts upon the vision of the member's wife, who has got control of her husband's stationery account, for the time being, a perfect wonder of pretty Christmas presents. Spread out on temporary shelves are beautiful plush toilet sets, in all the temporary shades, for both gentlemen's and ladies' use—combs and brushes and handglasses, or razors, and all the fancy accompaniments of a shaving set, all tenderly in delicate satin and closed down in cases of the finest plu h and fastened with the cutest little locks.

All these things strike the vision at one glance, and make the amiable wife of the genial M. C. feel that there is some good in a stationery account with Uncle Sam, after all. Then there is a great big glass case, where is spread out in gorgeous display all sorts of little fancy trinkets and charms—gold pencils, gold pens—some for use and some to hang on watch chains or about the neck as charms. They are of all shapes and styles—dog heads that pull out into pencils; little Chinese gods which develop under pressure into the same useful type; fans, and little dinner cards, and other little forms of gold, silver and pearl. Then there are opera glasses, some of gold in beautiful plush bags; some of chased silver, and some of pearl. Of course there are all sorts of fancy inkstands and portfolios; and there are also albums and autograph books in great variety; and pocket-books, reticules, ladies' glove cases and penknives of all styles for ladies' or gentlemen's use.

Away down in deep black drawers, hid away so as not to temp too much extravagance, and yet not out of the reach of the lady of experience, are fans—perfect beauties. It is when she looks into these drawers that the member's wife naturally takes possession of her husband's stationery account and begins to figure out how he may get his writing paper and pens elsewhere. They are none of your ordinary fans with little Chinese figures turning double-somersaults over them; they are not even the fans with roses painted on them that are in store for holiday customers, "reduced." They are the finest and best party fans of carved ivory, hand-painted, or something of that exquisite sort.

The members' wives are numerous in the stationery room these days, and very many are the packages sent out each day. The customers are too many for the clerks to wait on, and they are permitted to roam through at will and select what they want out of the stock, provided their husbands have so ordered. The goods here are for members exclusively; they are not sold to outsiders. They are not intended for Christmas presents, the stationer will tell you. They are merely the regular stationery supply that Uncle Sam has provided for the members. If a member should need an opera glass, a dressing-case or a watch, he will either have to buy one or it provided for him, at cost price, the government to pay the bill, unless his needs shall exceed the value of $125, and above which he would have to pay. Not only the members' wives, but the members themselves are busy looking over the pretty things before Christmas time. They are allowed the $125 for stationery. They can spend it or draw the money. Some do the latter; others let their wives do the former.

—Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Letters are constantly being received from all sections of the country, telling of benefits derived from this great medicine. It is unequaled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, cures scrofula, erysipelas and all forms of impurity. Now is the time to take it. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE REVENUE MARINE.

An Attempt to Place Its Officers on an Equal Footing with Naval Officials.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Friends of the officials employed in the revenue marine service propose to make another attempt in Congress at an early day to secure for them some of the privileges which their brother officers in the navy enjoy. At present revenue marine men are governed by a strict military code and yet they are regarded only as civil officers of the navy. In the navy department an officer who serves five years is entitled to an additional compensation of 10 per cent. after that time, and for each five years of service beyond that an additional 5 per cent. is added to his salary. In the revenue marine service, however, a man who may be appointed to a lieutenancy or any other commissioned rank draws the same pay the year he leaves that service as he does when he first enters, provided he receives no promotion in the meantime. It is as difficult for any one to secure an appointment in this branch of the governmental service as it is into either the army or navy, except that the appointments are made from civil life and not from an academy. Still the examinations are of the most rigid character, both as to the mental and physical qualifications of the applicants, and in all other respects the navy rules apply. The life of an officer in the revenue marine service, too, is far more arduous than that of his fellow in the navy proper, for while the former is confined to his ships year after year, frequently without a change of station in a decade, the latter rarely spends two years of sea service and then three years of shore duty, and besides he is sent from place to place which serves to break the monotony of life on ship board. The naval men, however, have strong influences always ready to work in their behalf among the social people of Washington, while the revenue men, being a non-military branch of the service, have few friends at court, and in the past legislation for its benefit has been exceedingly difficult to secure.

A Child Thief Pleads for the Restoration of Her Doll.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—The case of little ten-year-old Lillian Smith, the child thief, was once again before Justice Ford in the Essex Market court, yesterday. Although the legal light shed upon her like was of the most glaring description, as yet the statement that Mrs. Annie Smith, the prisoner, was the female Fagin of the blue-eyed, sunny-haired little pickpocket, rests entirely upon the child's uncorroborated statement. Arthur Smith, the husband of the prisoner, admitted having received from the little waif during her stay of a month in his home presents which is a low estimate must have cost at least $350.

When the hearing was concluded for the day little Lillian ran up to Assistant Attorney Purdey and pleaded with him to have her doll returned to her, "which those bad people took away." She described the doll as having blue eyes, yellow hair, and a broken nose.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATES.
For Sick Headache.

Dr. N. S. EZAB, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia and diminished vitality."

Three Mexicans Killed and Their Bodies Burned.

SAN MARCOS, Tex., Jan. 5.—Particulars of a most atrocious murder, committed on Saturday night, have reached here. Four Mexicans were employed on the farm of W. C. Simmons, on the Cottonwood, in Guadalupe county, to clear and grub his land. While in camp they were fired upon, or were fired upon by a party of negroes, and two of the Mexicans were instantly killed. Another of the party was mortally wounded, and the fourth man was shot seven times, but managed to crawl to a house, some distance away. Before leaving, the murderers poured kerosene oil over the body of one of the Mexicans, and set fire to it, burning it to a crisp. They were traced four miles towards Kingsbury, and were then lost sight of. The Mexican who is still alive, stated that two of the men were negroes and the third was a mulatto or a white man.

SENT ON TRIAL.

DR. LOOMIS'S
LATEST IMPROVED
VAPOR BATTERY
The Wonder of the Nineteenth Century
For Neuralgia, Asthma, Headache, Colds, Throat Troubles, Insomnia and Nervous Debility it ACTS LIKE MAGIC.
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Special inducements to responsible agents.
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Mention Blade.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Stimpson, Rogers Prairie, Tex.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold, which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured.—Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my Lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark. ††

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

KENTUCKY FACTIONS.

The People of Rowan County Again Disturbed by a Renewal of the Strife.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 5.—It is generally believed that Craig Tolliver, the leader of a mountain faction, has returned to his haunts in the wilds of Rowan county. The people of that county live in constant dread of a renewal of hostilities in the murderous feud between Tolliver and the Martins. This feud has kept the whole county in turmoil for two years. It began with the seizure and lynching of a prisoner, and has run its course through half a dozen murders and a dozen fierce brawls.

The first renewal of the strife was Monday night at a dance at Judge Menix's, in Moorehead. John Rogers, who is of the Tolliver clan, had been dancing with the daughter of the murderer, John Martin, the original leader of Tolliver's bitter enemies. Mason Seeton took Rogers' place with Miss Martin, and showed a bitter feeling because Rogers had paid attention to her. When Rogers left the premises Seeton followed him, and in a quarrel which ensued shot him dead. Rogers was from Seeton than ran into Powers' Hotel, but not soon enough to escape a volley from Rogers' friends which killed him instantly. At the inquest it was proved that Rogers had no pistol, and the firing was probably done by his friends, who escaped in the dark.

A MINISTER'S MISTAKES.

He Married a Woman Too Old for Him, and Eloped with His "Affinity."

CHATTANOOGA, Jan. 6.—Rev. C. P. Learle, the minister of Danville, Ill., who deserted his family in September and eloped with Miss Fannie Matthews, of East Lynn, Ill., was arrested in this city yesterday, on the charge of bigamy. He was captured with the girl in London, Canada, two weeks ago, but escaped. He was, however, allowed his freedom upon condition that he would come South. When the girl was taken home to her parents she confessed to having been married to the minister, and this led to his arrest on the charge of bigamy.

Searle tells a sad story of his downfall. Thirty years ago he married a woman many years his senior. He soon found that he had made a mistake, and did not love the woman. He lived with her, however, until September, when he met Miss Matthews. Their acquaintance ripened into love, and resulted in elopement. Searle will be taken to Chicago to-day.

Ex-Sen. Dorsey sailed from New York for Bremen, Wednesday, on the steamer Suale.

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30 Years a Detective.
The only book of its kind. Full of illustrations, low in price, easy to sell.
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Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y., for 16 years.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE
PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS.

Once in a while we fall behind the tailors do, but so nearly that we are glad to make our reputation as shown in the following letter:
First Auditor's Office,
Treasury Department,
Washington, D. C., Dec. 4, 1886.
Accept my thanks for your prompt and satisfactory filling of my order, and check for $3. I call persons dis'business ward principles, there would be much more satisfaction between dealers and customers than frequently exists. Yours truly,
H. F. HAY.
Every pair cut to order, and MONEY REFUNDED for any cause, at the option of the wearer. Send for rules for self-measurement. Will include a cloth tape measure, also worth 6 cts., free of charge. If you CANNOT WAIT for samples, send us waist and inside leg measures, together with $3 and 25 cts. postage and packing, and we will make a pair to order and send them C. O. D., subject to examination. We will take entire risk of pleasing you, forwarding goods, usually sent by mail or prepaid express, and have a large number of lots of fine goods constantly receiving.
Midland, Texas, Dec. 13, 1886.
Plymouth Rock Pants Co.,
Gentlemen: The Pants you sent me came yesterday. I am very well pleased with them, and like the fit. Please send me 4 lot more samples to select from. Yours, truly,
H. C. BRAIN.
We refer to the American Express Co., Boston, or twenty of the leading papers of the land, which our reliable advertisers can use PERMANENTLY AND PROFITABLY.
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Measuring Rooms—52 Market st., Lynn, Mass.; 28 Washington st., Salem, Mass.; 180 Essex st., Lawrence, Mass.; 60 Merrimack st., Haverhill.

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Ladies intending to purchase seal garments, or furs of any description, will find it to their advantage before purchasing elsewhere to call on or correspond with H. F. Hindsell, where they can find an excellent assortment of furs of every description.
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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 115,000.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper, and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of positive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

Now what you want to do is to get our terms to agents, and get to work. Those who already have them, should commence on receipt of this number of the paper.

The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE first week of the new year was somewhat dull in many departments of retail trade, but this is but the natural reaction after the holiday traffic. There is a healthful degree of activity in wholesale trade at all distributing points, and there is much confidence expressed as to the future. The gold imports for the week footed up $2,000,000. Money is easy at New York, and the merchants at all points report collections good.

UNLESS the labor troubles at the railway coal termini in the East are settled speedily, the Knights of Labor will call out all the miners in the regions supplying them, and inside of a week there will be a veritable coal famine in New York and New England.

THE total cost of the ash-heaps of the United States and Canada for 1886 was $110,000,000. That is, the total loss by fires reached that alarming figure.

IT is estimated that the total of new life insurance policies written in the United States during 1886, will aggregate $400,000,000. This does not take into account the various benevolent associations, which insure on the assessment plan, whose total must be very large, though there are no reliable statistics on the subject.

THE total output of the Colorado gold, silver and copper mines in 1886 was $26,791,688, an increase of more than two millions over 1885.

THROUGH the long continued spell of hard weather it is most fortunate that the winter wheat belt is most generally enveloped in a cloak of snow. Wherever this is not the case the winter killing will probably be very serious.

THE indications for railway building the present year are that from 10,000 to 12,000 miles of new track will be constructed this year. This means a boom in the iron and coal trades, and a year of plenty of work for those who wish it.

JOHN ROACH, the great American shipbuilder, died on Monday morning. Our news columns contain an interesting sketch of his career.

GOV. BODWELL, of Maine, proposed a simple remedy for the fishery troubles with the Dominion, in his inaugural address the other day. It is the levying of such increased duties on what fish Canada sends to the United States as would partially, if not wholly, exclude Canadian fishermen from our markets.

THE bill to give MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN a pension of $2,000 per annum passed the United States Senate Thursday. A bill was also passed increasing the pension of the widow of the late General FRANK T. BLAIR, from $50 a month to $2,000 a year.

A CONVENTION of Ohio coal miners and operators, to regulate the wages of employes, will be held on February 8 at Columbus.

GOV. MCKINERY, of Louisiana, has called upon the governors of the different states to send delegates to an inter-state convention in the interest of stock-raising, dairying, fruit-growing and general agriculture, to be held at Lake Charles, La., February 22, 23 and 24.

THE railway wreck at Republic again emphasizes the danger of heating cars by stoves. Can not some inventor hit upon a plan of obviating the absolute certainty of cremation in a wrecked train?

THE Knights of Labor of two assemblies of Chicago have issued a secret circular boycotting ARMOUR & Co. The circular makes the remarkable statement that the meat put up by the firm "is not as good as it used to be," and that it is unpalatable and indigestible because put up by "scab" labor.

SEN. JONES says he will not go to Washington this winter, but will remain in Detroit until the Florida legislature meets, when he will return home and be a candidate for re-election. It is safe to say he won't be re-elected.

ROSCOE CONKLING'S political star is believed to be again in the ascendant, and he is being talked of as the successor of WARNER MILLER in the United States Senate from New York.

EX-GOV. MORTON, of Nebraska, says there is a probability that Sen. VAN WYCK will be re-elected when the legislature meets, January 18.

THERE is a movement on foot among the leading Republicans of Rhode Island to reorganize the party. "If they desire to retain control of the state this is a necessity," is the way a Boston Republican newspaper puts it. Under proper efforts, the state is always Republican by a good majority.

THE city of Houston, Tex., contemplates a repeal of its charter in order to avoid the payment of certain outstanding bonds. In event that the proposed plan is carried out, an exception will be made in favor of those bondholders who will agree to accept fifty cents on the dollar.

THE Rev. Dr. MCGLYNN has decided not to obey the summons to Rome. The result in such cases is suspension from priestly offices. The offense carries no personal dishonor in the church, and the suspended priest has the right at any time to have his case tried on his making submission.

THE Illinois legislature will, on the 18th, hold an election for United States senator in place of the late Gen. LOGAN. Each house will ballot separately. On the next day the two houses will meet in joint session, and if it shall appear that any one of the candidates received a majority of all the votes of the two houses on the preceding day, he will then be formally chosen; but if no candidate shall have received a majority of the two houses, the joint session will then proceed to ballot for a senator. The present outlook indicates great uncertainty. The contest will probably be a protracted one.

THE Tory government in England seems to be losing ground with every day that goes by. Lord SALISBURY'S change of attitude with reference to Mr. GOSCHEN who, but a year ago he regarded with aversion, has diminished popular confidence in him, and this loss is still further increased by the strained relations existing between himself and Lard IDDESLEIGH. The appointment of Mr. GOSCHEN to a place in the Cabinet has been received with a general indifference which shows how small a following he has, while it has only weakened the Premier with his own party associates. Meanwhile Lord CHURCHILL goes serenely upon his way, saying but little, thus showing that he knows when silence is golden. The manner in which he has withheld the slightest hint or reference concerning his views of the situation during the period which has elapsed since his resignation has excited the astonishment and admiration of many who censured him most severely for what was considered a hasty and ill-advised resignation, and his motives are coming to be far less savagely criticised than at first.

THE recent trials in Galway disclose both the good and evil results of a firm government in Ireland. Fifty-six men, who were arrested last summer with Father FAHEY, for opposing evictions and rent collections on the Clanricarde estates, have been sentenced to imprisonment for terms ranging between twelve and eighteen months. This is a vigorous and successful attempt to restore the authority of crown law in agrarian cases. The Woodford tenants who endeavored to substitute league law for the authority of the Crown have been rigorously dealt with. They have been tried and sentenced as law-breakers. These trials are meant as a warning to "defaulting tenants" and "League intriguers." So far as the effect of enforcing of the law with vigor and firmness is concerned good will result, because it will make law-breaking a crime sure to be punished. But it must be administered without injustice and religious prejudice, and in the present case it looks as if the jury was deliberately chosen as anti-Catholics to secure the conviction of Catholics, and thus is likely to lose its moral force. In that case affairs will be in no better condition than before.

THE West End in London had another labor scare on Friday. Crowds of unemployed workmen assembled in front of the offices of the Local Government board and demanded relief. The President of the board received a deputation from the crowd outside, but said he could promise nothing. When the crowd were apprised of this they hooted the government, and marched to Trafalgar Square, where resolutions were adopted protesting against the apathy of of the government, and then they dispersed quietly.

RUSSIA'S Trans-Caspian railroad has pushed across the sandy wastes northeast of Merv, and trains are now running to Charjui on the Oxus. Engineers are throwing a railroad bridge across that classic stream, and track laying will soon begin through Bokhara, on the way to Samarcand and Tashkent. Two steamboats have been launched on the Oxus to carry freight and passengers between the railroad and Khiva. It is only a few years since Europeans ventured into those regions at the peril of their lives, and the sovereign who is now doing his utmost to further the building of the road, the Emir of Bokhara, is the grandson of the man who put English envoys sent by the Queen to death. The world moves.

RUSSIA has another scheme which will be of great commercial benefit to her, and in case of a war will be of great strategic importance. She is about to construct a canal connecting the Gulf of Perekop, through the neck of land forming the northern portion of the Crimea, with the sea of Azof. Having already begun to export large cargoes of wheat to Odessa across the Black Sea from the ports of Poti and Batoum, this canal will be of the greatest importance to her commercially. In times of war it will enable her to move troops rapidly; it will establish a new and more rapid line of military communication with the Danube; it must shorten the striking distance of the Don Cossacks and of the southwestern military districts by several days in point of time, and it cannot fail to enhance to a like extent the value of the existing line of communication—via Rostov, the Don, Tsaritsyn and the Volga—with the whole of the north of Russia.

THE cable reports that the Danish government has dissolved Parliament owing to the refusal of the opposition to grant sums for extraordinary armaments and fortifications. This action has probably been taken in order to bring into operation article 25 of the constitution, by which the government has power, in the absence of a sitting Folkething, to pass laws and raise money for any purpose deemed urgent. What will be done by the people remains to be seen.

A MARKED feature of the next London summer season will be the American Exposition to be held there. This is not in any way under the control of the government of the United States, but has been initiated and organized by a number of eminent and well known American citizens, cordially aided on this side of the Atlantic by several Englishmen. Of the 25 officials connected with the enterprise 21 are Americans. The idea of the American Exhibition was conceived in America, and the bulk of the working capital was supplied by Americans. No exhibits but American goods are to be admitted.

THE Russian government has, it is said, made proposals, which, if accepted, will peacefully solve the Bugarian difficulty. Prince ALEXANDER is soon to start for Egypt for an extended tour in the East, thus effectually disposing of the rumors with regard to his intended return to Bulgaria. The Bulgarian delegates intend to request France to propose to Russia to withdraw Prince NICHOLAS, of Mingrelia, as a candidate for the throne of their country.

THE steamship Great Eastern is to be sold at auction on Monday next. Her gross tonnage amounts to 18,915 tons, which is far beyond that of any other ship afloat. She now lies in Kingston harbor, Dublin, where she went last fall.

THE relations between China and Japan are becoming somewhat strained, and it is possible, if the Chinese government insist upon indemnity in respect to the Nagasaki difficulty that there may be war. Should this occur, Japan would have the advantage in may respects as she has gone far ahead of her neighbor in matters of civilization, and would conduct matters in a far more enlightened manner.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

A RAILWAY HORROR DUE TO THE RUM DEVIL.

The recent fearful railway collision at Republic, Ohio, was undoubtedly due to the disobedience of orders by the conductor and engineer of the freight train. The more the matter is sifted, however, the more clear becomes the fact that Rum was at the bottom of it. The testimony of various persons persons is to the effect that the engineer, at least, had been drinking. One man declares that he "took four drinks" with the engineer at Tiffin. Another testified that he "saw the engineer take two drinks of whisky at Bloomdale and two at Fostoria." And the engineer is reported to have said he would "run that train to suit himself," with the inference that he insisted on pulling out of the Scipio switch and endeavoring to make Republic before the ill-fated express reached that point.

These few bits of evidence are enough to make it easy to fill out the picture, to any one who is familiar with the ideas and habits of drinking men. The night was very cold; a cutting wind, snow-laden, was blowing; and a man with the common, but erroneous, opinion that Rum would "keep out the cold," would make that an excuse for taking a glass. With convivial friends about him, the engineer did not stop at one glass, but took another and yet another. It certainly is proved that he took enough to becloud the brain, paralyze the reasoning faculties, and turn a man into an unreasoning, silly brute—to make him "stubborn," as the conductor is quoted as saying.

The fact is established, apparently, that the train dispatcher's order to the conductor and engineer of the freight was to "meet No. 5 (the express) at Scipio siding." This was brief but explicit. Under it there was no room for misconstruction. Unless that order was replaced by a second, the re'gh t train was expected to remain at Scipio for hours, if need be, until the express had passed. But the engineer had enough Rum coursing through his veins to make him "stubborn." It was tiresome waiting at the little roadside station in the night and storm. He was anxious to get to the end of his run. Much as this was to be desired personally had he been in his sober senses he would have seen the grave danger of attempting to reach the next station, Republic. Had not the Rum Devil been in the ascendant, he would have considered that his engine could not be expected to make steam freely on that bitter cold night; he would have bethought himself that his fireman was an inexperienced man; he would have thought of the heavy grade up which his engine must pull the train, of the icy track, and that all the atmospheric influences were against his making good time.

But Rum had changed him into a stubborn, unreasoning creature. The conductor may or may not have haltingly agreed to the proposition to go on to Republic; very probably he did—and he may have even given a positive order to this effect. The facts as to this are not yet brought out. At any rate, the engineer was under the conductor's orders, and if the latter allowed the "stubbornness," born of Rum, of the engineer to influence him to disobey orders, he was a weakling who had no business in charge of a train. And if the conductor gave the order to go ahead, the engineer, had he been sober, would not have obeyed, in all human probability. In either case, Rum was at the bottom or it.

At any rate, the Rum Devil had his way, and the freight pulled out upon the main line, and started for Republic. All those things which a sober, clear-headed man might have foreseen came to pass. The grade was heavy, and progress was slow; the engine had an insufficient head of steam at starting, the fireman was new to his duties (and is said to have also been drinking at Tiffin), the boiler did not make steam, and a scant three-quarters of a mile short of Republic the train came to a standstill. The conductor snatched a lantern with the words, "I'll go ahead and signal No. 5," but had gotten but a short distance when the flash of the headlight of the doomed train came in sight around the curve. "My God, here she comes!" he gasped, and in an instant, with a fearful crash, the flying express met her doom.

There is no need here to recount the particulars of the awful scene. Over a dozen people—perhaps a score—who an instant before were sitting unconscious of their impending doom, either chatting or dozing in the "short hours" beyond midnight, were either killed outright, or, crushed and mangled, burned down by the shattered timbers, met the most fearful of deaths by fire. A frantic effort on the part of those uninjured was made to save those yet alive, but without tools, and with the rapid advance of the flames, fanned by the strong breeze, there could be but little or nothing done. Driven back by the intense heat, the survivors could only stand by and see their imprisoned fellow-beings perish miserably.

Had it not been for Rum, every one of those charred and mangled victims might be alive and well to-day, and the cloud of sorrow and mourning not have fallen upon so se who loved them. Had it not been for Rum, the order to the man in charge of the freight would not have been violated. And who is to blame? The men who knowingly drank the liquor are to blame. The saloonist who sold them the vile poison is to blame. The municipalities of Tiffin, and Fostoria, and Bloomdale, are to blame, that they allow these hellholes to remain open within their limits. The state is to blame, that she permits the infernal traffic to be carried on within her borders.

Yes! If Prohibition had been the rule, these weak men would not have yielded to the clamor of a depraved appetite, and drunkenly brought on a horror which shocks the nation. The pitiful nature of the Rum advocates' cry of "personal liberty" was never more clearly shown than in this case. If a man "must be allowed to do as he pleases as to what he shall eat or *drink*," what is to be said of the innocent and unfortunate victims, in this case, of the vindication of the "personal liberty" to get drunk on the part of the engineer and the freight crew? Must they be hurled to agonizing death that the right of others to make beasts of themselves shall be vindicated? The law rightly compels a man who owns a vicious and dangerous animal to keep it in security, that the safety of others shall not be imperiled. Why should not the law step in and curb the vicious and dangerous Rum Devil? This is not the only case of a terrible accident occurring because of Rum. There is but one way to stop them, and that is by extirpating the accursed Rum traffic. The safety of the people demands that we shall

Pulverize the Rum Power!

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

If you contemplate purchasing a Sewing Machine this winter, order the Blade Machine, at once, that you may be sure of getting it in time. It gives absolute satisfaction, and we sell it for $18, with the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. It is the best and cheapest reliable Machine on the market. Order at once, and save money.

THE RAILROADS AND THE FARMERS.

The railways of the United States have been the most potent factors in the settlement and civilization of the West, especially of the enormous empire stretching westwardly from the Mississippi. The iron ways determined the course of the swelling tide of immigration over those enormous stretches of territory. Man was, for the first time, relieved of the necessity of following navigable water-ways, in conquering an empire from the wilderness. The railways were a necessity to the rapid settlement of the vast trans-Missouri region. They give to us favored ones, in this the middle of the closing quarter of the nineteenth century, facilities for traffic and travel that would have seemed truly miraculous to the worthy fathers of the republic, a century ago. Our complex civilization cannot get along without them. They establish a community of interest between the widely-separated portions of our country; they bind the nation together by bands of steel. They are all powerful in breaking down the provincialism of distant sections, and are potent in conserving that community of interest which must exist in order that we may have a nation, and not an aggregation of heterogeneous and rival commonwealths.

But though all these things are true, it does not follow that the corporations who control these vitally necessary lines of intercommunication shall be allowed to usurp power which does not belong to them. It does not follow that they shall become oppressors of the people, that the individuals in control may amass fortunes that can only be counted in millions. The control of a railroad does not involve a tyranny over the residents of the section through which it passes. It is a perversion of its corporate privileges to convert a railway system into a gigantic devilfish, sucking the life-blood of the area spanned by its iron rays.

Yet that is what many railways have become in these latter days. And the evil that is wrought falls most heavily upon the agricultural community. The tendency of modern railway management, through the giving of lower rates for through traffic than for local traffic between intermediate points—the making of "a long haul" cheaper than "a short haul"—has the tendency to build up the great cities of the country at the expense of the rural towns; it builds up the interests of one section by tearing down those of another section; it adds to the wealth and traffic of the cities by destroying those of thousands of villages and country towns; it favors the city merchant at the expense of the rural shipper; it enables one set of men to amass colossal fortunes out of the rightful earnings of outside dealers, merchants, shippers and producers. The business of a territory embracing half a dozen states is prostrated that these leeches may thrive and fatten upon its life-blood.

The inter-state commerce bill is a measure that will, to a great extent, prevent these abuses. There are three of its provisions which strike at the root of the whole matter. They cover the whole ground. They are—

The prohibition of the allowance by railways of rebates, special rates, and unreasonable preferences and advantages of every sort, requiring all charges to be alike under like conditions, and that all shippers and connecting lines shall be treated alike;

The prohibition of a higher charge for a shorter haul than for a longer haul in the same direction;

The prohibition of all pools or agreements between competing lines of railway.

These three provisions can be enforced, and they will stop all the evils under which the farmers and shippers of the country are laboring. The great cities have no advantages over the country towns, their merchants none over those of the farming regions.

The farmers of the country, especially of the region from the Allegheny Mountains westward, are deeply interested in the success of this bill. They should see that it is enacted into law. The measure will pass the Senate, but it is problematical what will be done with it in the House. The constituents of the Representatives from the West should see to it that they support the measure. For a Congressman to oppose it by his vote is to write himself down the servant of the railway kings, the corrupt creature of a system that is working evil to the producers of the Union. Let your representatives understand that there must be no trifling with the people's interests. The man who votes against it should be spurned by the voters, and refused a renomination and re-election. To oppose the inter-state commerce bill is as scandalous as was a vote for the back pay grab act, as vile as to have been concerned in the Credit Mobilier scandal. Let the Representatives of the people understand that by their votes they will show whether they are the servants of their constituents or the slaves of the railway power.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

If you want to make your winter's pocket money write us for our special terms to agents. We shall pay more liberally for work for the BLADE this winter than any paper in the country. Drop a postal card asking for terms, and it will pay you.

A BURNING SHAME.

An action has been begun in the Common Pleas court of Stark county, Ohio, by the father of a 13-year old girl, who was debauched by an old man of 60, a distant relative. The suit is for $3,000 damages. The old brute admits the criminal intimacy, but avers that it was with the consent of the girl, and the fact that several weeks elapsed between the commission of the outrage and its being told by her is apparently considered as conclusive proof of consent. Hence the villain is not tried on a criminal charge, but simply sued for money damages.

We call attention to this suit to emphasize the fact that, under the statutes of the state of Ohio, a girl more than ten years of age is considered competent to consent to the act in question! Such a statute is a blot upon civilization. It is a burning shame that the protection of the law is withdrawn from female children at this tender age. The law will not allow a girl to dispose of her hand in marriage without the consent of her parents or guardian until she is 18. It will not allow her to dispose of property, or transact any legal business, until she becomes of age. Why, then, is she considered capable of understanding clearly the enormity of a single lapse from virtue, of being her own mistress as regards consenting to her own defilement? In point of fact, the law should protect her until she is of "legal age." If she is not competent to hold or dispose of property, or of contracting marriage, until she is 18, neither is she competent to consent to being debauched.

The subject is one which is attracting much attention everywhere. The leaders of the White Cross movement are earnestly striving to direct public attention to the iniquity of the statutes as to the "age of consent." The law in most of the states of the Union is similar to that of Ohio, and fixes the age of consent at 10 years. It should be extended to 18. The law even throws its protection about birds and game until the young are of proper age but it withdraws its shield from our female children at an age when they are too young to even understand the consequences of a lapse from virtue. Who will take up the cause of our children in the halls of legislation this winter?

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS.

A subscriber at Parsons, Kansas, sends us the following:

"In your comment on the Wabash steal you propound the question, what can be done to prevent a recurrence of such wholesale robbery, and say that the public must answer it. In my mind it is very easily answered. Let the government purchase the roads at what they are actually worth and run them for the benefit of the public, and the consequence will be that there will be fewer millionaires and more people that can live comfortably. It seems to be puzzling our legislators to find out what to do with the surplus money in the treasury. Don't you think it could be made good use of in that line? We could also do without the Reagan bill, as there would be no use for discriminating. To enforce my argument, I cite you to the postal system—what would it be likely to cost us to send a letter from New York to California if Jay Gould owned the business??"

We most emphatically dissent from our correspondent's opinion. There is already too too much patronage in the hands of the national government. It is not the function of a government to carry freight or passengers, nor to run telegraph lines. In point of fact, it is not really the government's place to carry letters; but the impossibility of having it done by private enterprise, and secure privacy and safety, led to the development of the postal service by the government, in all countries. There is a stronger argument for the purchase of telegraphic lines by the government than for the purchase of the railways; but we are opposed to both, and for the following reasons:

The terrible fight over the postoffices and the federal positions since CLEVELAND'S inauguration shows what it would be were the number of governmental positions increased so enormously as they would be by the absorption of the railways. The census reports of 1880 gives the following:

Clerks and book-keepers in railway offices	12,331
Employes of railroad companies	236,058
Officials of railroad companies	2,069
Total	248,458

The enormous development of our railways since 1880 has nearly doubled the number of these, and there are not far from a half-million of men engaged in occupations pertaining to the railway system of the country. This total of positions would be added to the government patronage. The effect would be that half the nation would turn to office-seekers. Then, the enormous patronage, if controlled in the interests of the party possessing the national government, would be sufficient to retain it in power indefinitely—a matter fraught with grave danger to our form of government. The true principle is to reduce the government patronage, not increase it.

Second, the government could not run the railroads any cheaper than a private corporation can. In fact, the expense would be increased. We have not time at present to dilate upon this branch of the subject, but the fact is as stated.

Third, every avenue for activity of capital and labor should be left free to private enterprise and exertion. Man is a lazy animal. He does not like to work. The spur of necessity is requisite. The tendency of the policy of putting the railways (or telegraphs) in the hands of the government would be to have the government absorb, next, all manufacturing enterprises; all commerce; and finally all land and agricultural production. The effect would be disastrous in the extreme. The desire for wealth is the mainspring of civilization, and to put a check upon the possibility of obtaining a competence would be to stop all forward progress, and begin a retrograde action.

The fact is, the government should exercise enough control over railways to prevent injustice and extortion, discrimination and favoritism, and no more. We shall, at some time in the future, take up this topic again and discuss certain points more at length. Meanwhile we beg our Parsons correspondent to look upon the other side of the question, and he will find that the dangers of the policy he advocates far outweigh the supposed benefits, and that the latter can be secured by proper legislation without the government turning itself into a common carrier.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

ABOUT PREACHING.

That most excellent journal, the Philadelphia *American*, in discussing Mr. BLAINE'S strictures, in his address before the Congregationalist ministers of Boston, upon the use of manuscript sermons urges that there is too much preaching in the modern churches. The *American* suggests that much of it might be superseded with advantage by open meetings for the discussion of the subjects on which the ministers preach. It argues that this plan would be an approach to apostolic methods, and would attract larger audiences; but it also declares that so long as the present practice is continued it is better for nine out of every ten ministers that they should write and read their sermons, than "depend upon such aids and incentives as the political speaker employs."

The fact is, we presume, that the majority of ministers who preach really good sermons, prepare them beforehand, and in most cases write them out. Only a portion, however, read the sermon in the pulpit. The others familiarize themselves with it, some even committing to memory, and are thus enabled to deliver it the same as if it were extempore. The day has gone by when extemporaneous exhortation from the pulpit will pass muster with educated, thinking people, in place of a thoughtful sermon, carefully prepared beforehand. There is an absurd prejudice among many against written sermons, the same that there is against "printed prayers"—by which a church liturgy is meant. The idea seems to obtain in the minds of such persons that the preacher will be "inspired" to find words for both prayer and sermon; and among the more uncultured there are those who believe, apparently, that this inspiration is like unto that which controlled the prophets of the old dispensation and the apostles of the new. But this is a wrong conception. When the voice of the "beloved disciple," JOHN, who in his old age, in banishment on the rocky isle of Patmos, saw the grand vision of the Revelation, was hushed in death, the age of inspiration came to an end. Through eighteen circling centuries since that day the world has listened for the inspired tongue of prophecy, but it has been silent. The record is complete.

There are a few men in the pulpit, as there are a few in our legislative halls, and in our courts and colleges, who, from the stores of a well-filled mind, and with a remarkable talent for oratory, are able to deliver extempore discourses, without recourse to pen and paper; but they are few. They are the exceptionally gifted, not the rule. Hence the minister who wishes to keep his congregation must work hard in his study to prepare his sermons; and he finds pen and paper most useful aids. It can matter but little whether he reads his sermon or commits it to memory and delivers it without recourse to his notes. It should be judged by its quality, not by its manner of delivery.

OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every postoffice. Send for our special terms to clubraisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it

THE INDIANA MUDDLE.

Toledo Daily Blade, Jan. 11.

The real struggle in the Indiana legislature is over the seat in the United States Senate now held by Mr. HARRISON, whose term expires on March 4 next. All the state officers and four out of the five Supreme court judges were Democratic last year. Lieut. Gov. MANSUR, Democrat, was appointed to a federal position by CLEVELAND, and resigned his position. The Senate, which had a Democratic majority, elected Sen. GREEN SMITH President *pro tem.* There being a vacancy in the office of lieutenant governor, both parties nominated candidates for that office during last fall's campaign. The Republicans carried the state by some 3,000 votes over the Democrats, and elected a majority of the members of the state House of Representatives. One-half of the Senate held over, however, and the Democrats, by this means, retained a narrow majority in this body.

The campaign was a fierce one, and there were doubtful tactics resorted to. There are a number of contested seats in the legislature, and the gravest charges of fraud and corruption were made regarding some of the Democrats who claimed seats on the face of the returns, by the Republicans. Counter-charges of similar import were made by the Democrats, who were and are determined, by hook or crook, to elect a Democrat to succeed Sen. HARRISON, in the hope of eventually overcoming the Republican majority in the United States Senate. The Democrats soon perceived that with Lieut. Gov.-elect ROBERTSON, Republican, presiding over the Senate, it would be impossible to carry out the revolutionary tactics they had determined upon. Their plan was to unseat enough Republicans in the Senate to overcome any majority on joint ballot which the Republicans might have, if the Democrats claiming election in the House of Representatives, whose seats were contested, should have the contests decided against them and in favor of the Republican contestants.

To get rid of ROBERTSON, they devised a scheme which overthrows all precedent. It was nothing less than to assume that there was no vacancy in the Lieutenant Governorship; that GREEN SMITH, President *pro tempore*, was entitled to hold that position until the end of the senatorial term for which he was elected—he being one of the "hold-over" senators. To carry out this scheme, GREEN SMITH applied to the courts for an injunction against the Speaker of the House of Representatives, to prevent him from canvassing the returns of the election of Lieutenant Governor, on the monstrous ground that there was no vacancy, and that his election as President *pro tempore* made him MANSUR'S rightful successor until the end of the term for which he was elected. The lower court decided it had no jurisdiction, and the case went on appeal to the Supreme court of the state—composed of four Democrats and one Republican—which body unanimously affirmed the decision of the lower court, and that the question was one to be decided by the legislature, and not by the courts.

A wild howl of rage that this tribunal would not lend itself to an iniquitous and revolutionary scheme followed from the Democrats, and the Democratic state senators determined to carry their point by force. This they did in the organization of that body, GREEN SMITH taking the chair, and being sustained by his party in this usurpation, despite the protests of the Republicans. This week the official canvass of votes must take place, and ROBERTSON will be officially declared the lieutenant governor. When he appears in the Senate to take his seat he will be met by SMITH, who will claim to be lieutenant governor himself, and refuse to recognize ROBERTSON. The latter will have to resort to force, or go to the courts with proceedings in *quo warranto*. He will be ultimately successful, of course, but the legal recognition of his rights will take some time, and this delay is what the Democrats want, as they hope to choose an United States Senator during the interval.

On Monday another step was taken in the struggle. The constitution and laws of Indiana require that the two houses of the legislature shall convene in joint session the second Monday in January to canvass the votes for state officers and declare the result. As this would result in declaring the election of ROBERTSON, the Democrats of the state senate refused to attend the joint session, and would not pass a resolution to meet the House, thus refusing obedience to the law and the constitution. The House and the Republican members of the Senate met in joint session, the vote was canvassed and ROBERTSON was declared elected lieutenant governor. He took the oath of office before the joint session, and is now legally lieutenant governor of the state.

GREEN SMITH, the usurper of the office to which Mr. ROBERTSON was elected, makes the following proposition:

"If Mr. Robertson, or any other person—any voter in the state—thinks differently and wishes to try the question in the courts of the state, I will voluntarily appear in any action which he may wish to institute for that purpose, and will prosecute it with all diligence to the Supreme court of the state, and if they decide that my views are not in accordance with the constitution, I will acquiesce in that decision. If they decide that Mr. Robertson has been duly elected and is entitled to the office of lieutenant-governor, he shall have the place without delay."

This is silly on MR. SMITH'S part. The constitution of Indiana provides that in case of the contested election of a state officer the contest shall be decided by the legislature, and a statute was passed providing the form of trial in such cases. The Democrats want to try the case before the Democratic state Supreme court, which Lieutenant Governor-elect ROBERTSON declines. The Supreme court has decided it has no authority, as the constitution provides a different tribunal.

TRAVELER'S ACCIDENT AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD.

The Traveler's Accident Insurance company, of Hartford, was the original, and it has remained to this day the only one that may be said to be known to be absolutely safe. There are others in the field, but they have not yet stood the test of time, which tries. During the past year the Travelers insured 107,259 persons, and paid losses on over one-seventh of them, the amount disbursed being $888,000, a record which no other company has.

The Life Insurance Department of the Travelers is quite as good as the Accident. The company has gone on and on in this field, until it ranks, in point of volume of business, with the strongest, as well as in point of solidity and soundness. The annual statement of the Travelers will be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE editor of the St. Louis *Westliche Post*, the German paper which once was under CARL SCHURZ'S direction, has the following pathetic New Year's editorial:

"Next year, gives it here again Presidentelection. Ach Gott, again already!"

ANOTHER PORTRAIT—THE LAMENTED LOGAN.

One by one the heroes of the great struggle for national existence are sinking into the tomb. The last to join the great majority is the lamented LOGAN, the greatest of the volunteer generals, and one of the staunchest patriots and grandest of men.

The BLADE has now in process of production the best portrait of LOGAN ever issued, taken from a photograph approved by himself before his death. It will be published upon the heaviest and best plate paper, in the style of those already issued by the BLADE of GRANT, SHERIDAN and SHERMAN. It will be sent singly to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents. For terms with our other portraits see announcement on fifth page. Special terms to agents who purchase by the quantity.

OUR SOUTH AMERICAN RIVAL.

His Majesty, Dom PEDRO, the emperor of Brazil, reads history with the clear brain of a philosopher, whereby he avoids the mistakes, or seems to, of his father. Chili has illustrated the valor which an agricultural people cultivates, as also, the superior natural resources which environ a race from the temperate zone over one from the tropics, in her recent war with Peru. But the gem of the South American divisions seems to be the Argentine Republic. Symptoms point to it as the dominant power in the Southern portion of the Western Hemisphere. Emigration has of late turned to that quarter from Europe. Its people have passed the epidemics which are fatal to development, not less in South America than elsewhere, namely revolutions. They are building railroads and erecting telegraph poles. They are a newspaper-reading community. They are utilizing lands for wool-growing, beef-fattening and the rearing of horses. They possess the finest areas for mixed agricultural pursuits, doubtless, of any government in the Southern continent. They have the climate belonging to the temperate belt, which is the most favorable for rapid progress. Buenos Ayres has long been celebrated for the elegant arts and emblems of an intelligent, not to say a captivating society. She is, pre eminently, the great metropolis of the peninsula.

The Argentines have more railroads than the United States reported in 1810, and more miles of telegraph wire than any power of South America, with double the mileage of Brazil. Their rail traffic extends to the northwest from Buenos Ayres to Tucuma, about 1,000 miles away, on the Rio Dolce. Another line exists with an equal radius from the metropolis to San Juan south from Tucuma, and near the eastern foot hills of the Andes. This terminus opens up a region, rich in mineral and agricultural wealth, near the head waters of the Rio Salada, and further down upon the latter stream another division of the system branches off to Mendoza.

Cordova is a central point of great importance, nearly midway across the continent and destined to become the Chicago of that incipient republic. From Mendoza, by air line, across the mountains to Valparaiso, is less than two hundred miles. With mountain grades, such as modern engineering make practicable, Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres can be connected by rail, and a great trans-continental route is now being built across the country and over the range, which will bring these two ports within about a thousand miles from each other, and with almost air line communication, as both are nearly on the same parallel of latitude.

The census returns of 1880 show the population to have been about two and one-half millions, but since that date emigration has been greater to this section than to that of any other country, the United States excepted. In 1882 there was entered 60,000; in '83 and '84 each about 80,000, and since then over 100,000 per annum, or one-fourth what we expect from the combined people of Europe. This is a phenomenal development, and very significant, since after a certain habit has become established, all commerce seems to gravitate toward a certain channel. It points to Buenos Ayres as the great railroad center and distributor of the commerce from both slopes of the Andes, as New York is to North America.

This infant people have to-day a position individually stronger than we had at the close of the revolution. It has a population equally as great; it has an area much greater, since it is two-thirds our present dimensions, exclusive of Alaska. One century hence, with the tendency of transmigration of people from the monarchial governments of Europe and Asia, to the more democratic forms of the Americas, this power ought to be stronger than the United States is to-day. It also should become the land of free schools, and of the highest type of municipal state and federal liberty, as it doubtless will be the controlling principle of South Atlantic commerce and civilization.

In the light of such contingency, has our government no interests at stake, or no duties, if you please, in that direction? We organize societies for missionary work in regions of the remote East, and the home of older civilization than our own, and in some respects a much better civilization, at all events, with such prejudices that we practically secure no results, while here is an area, rich in future possibilities, all left for the un-American powers to monopolize. The great civilizer, and most potent missionary, however, is commerce and those arts which creep into society through the barter and interchange of merchandise, books, pictures, clothing and offensive and defensive articles of trade.

We have a reform President, a reform cabinet, and a reform lower house. We have a Democracy in power that talk of JACKSON and JEFFERSON as if they knew of them, or at some time had heard of their teachings, but as Mr. PUTNEY MARTINEZ remarked in another connection, they seem to imitate all their vices and shun all their virtues. They remember that Mr. JACKSON announced the startling maxim "that to the victors belong the spoils," but they seem to forget that he was also a devoted patriot, and JEFFERSON one of our most accomplished diplomats. They apparently also seem to forget that weak powers ally themselves with the stronger for the purposes of policy, when they have a choice open to them, and that possibly this country never before had the opportunity, as now, to place herself on a footing to win the respect on water that she achieved on land, and that the Argentines want a naval ally.

THE UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—37TH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

In another part of this paper will be found the 37th annual statement of the United States Life Insurance company. The condition of the company is all that could be desired, and shows that the consummate skill in management of those who founded the institution has descended to their success

BANKRUPT RAILWAYS.

The Chicago *Railway Age* of January 7 has an article on "Foreclosure Sales and Receiverships During 1886," with carefully compiled tables, from which it is seen that during the past year no less than 45 railways, with 7,687 miles of main line, representing a bonded debt of $170,140,500 and a capital stock of $203,969,200, making a total of nearly $374,110,000 have been sold under foreclosure and transferred to new ownership. This means in many cases that the capital stock has been wiped out entirely, and that the bonded debt has been changed into new securities, generally of a less, though in a few cases of equal, or possibly greater amount than the old debt. Necessarily, however, these sales always means the sacrifice of a very large part of the value indicated in the original securities. In short, they mean heavy loss to the original investors in the roads, which have been so financially unfortunate as to be unable, not only to pay dividends to their stockholders, but even to pay interest on their funded obligations.

The *Age* declares that "this record for 1886 is surprising as well as almost discouraging in its vastness; its figures far exceed those of any previous year since our record was begun in respect to mileage and capital involved." It then institutes a comparison of similar statistics for the past eleven years, upon which the following comment is made:

"It will be seen that during the last eleven years no less than 373 railway companies with an aggregate mileage of 36,696 miles and an apparent capital stock and bonded indebtedness of $2,152,189,700 have traveled the disastrous road of bankruptcy and forced sale, which has wiped out the entire interest of many of the proprietors and compelled the others to accept new securities and frequently to advance more money in order to start the property on a new career. These tables represent more than 28 per cent. of the entire railway mileage of the country at the commencement of 1886, and more than 28 per cent. of the total stock and bonded indebtedness at the same date.

"While the number of roads sold during the year is very great, although it has been surpassed in three previous years, the mileage represented is more than double that of any year except 1879, and far greater than in that year, while the stock and debt total is far larger than in any other year, and nearly 50 per cent. more than in 1885."

The foreclosure record for the present year will also very probably be large, because there are a large number of roads still in the hands of receivers. There will be a decrease, however, for the list of receiverships appointed last year amounted to only thirteen roads, with a total mileage of 1,800 miles, with a capital and bonded debt of $76,000,000—which is a very encouraging improvement over the last two years. The primary trouble is, there is too much competitive railway building in the country. Too many lines are constructed through sections whose local traffic is not sufficient to support the road and pay interest on its indebtedness. The country will develop under the impulse given by the road itself, and after a term of years the increase in business will put the road upon a solid foundation; but meanwhile the road will go into bankruptcy, the original capital stock will be wiped out, and the men who invested their money will be the losers. It would be better to construct roads only through sections which would pay an economically managed road from the start, rather than pursue the present plan.

THE extreme anxiety of the Democrats to utilize their brief return to power by getting hold of the Supreme court of the United States, shows that there is some ulterior project entertained by the leaders of the party, which they fear to allow the people to fully understand. Four justices on the Supreme bench, three Republicans and one Democrat, have reached the age of 70 years, or will soon do so, and hence are eligible for retirement. The Democrats are wild with anxiety that Messrs. WAITE, BRADLEY, FIELD and MILLER shall retire and allow CLEVELAND to fill the vacancies with Democrats, evidently of the Southern Bourbon pattern. But, unfortunately, the law does not compel retirement at 70, but leaves it optional with the judge himself. Rep. BUNNES, of Missouri, has introduced a bill amending the law so as to withhold the salary of every judge who does not promptly resign when he reaches the age of 70. Of course it will not pass. It merely indicates the intense anxiety to give CLEVELAND an opportunity to fill these positions before his term expires, for the chances favor the election of a Republican next year.

THE condition of affairs in a political way in Canada is decidedly unsettled. From present appearances a break-up of the government seems very probable. Dissensions have been frequent, and the Liberal party have been uniformly successful in provincial elections. To forestall an overthrow and as the only possible chance of a Conservative triumph, the Premier, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, has decided to appeal to the country before another session of Parliament, and the general election will probably be held February 9. The chances against the Conservatives are considered great, as the Opposition grows stronger every day, but it is possible that overconfidence may carry the latter too far in tariff discussion and alienate some who would otherwise vote with the Liberals. Should apprehension be excited in this direction, Sir JOHN MACDONALD may win support by an appeal to the country as an unequivocal champion of national industries. At present, the situation is doubtful.

ELECTRIC railways appear to have passed the experimental stage. The first one in practical use in this country is that in Baltimore, run under the Daft system, which has been in operation over eighteen months. It has a grade of over 350 feet to the mile, and the motors make an average speed of eight miles per hour, their fullest capacity being twenty-horse power. The road has numerous heavy curves and grades. An electric power company is now building for a road in Pittsburg five motors of over twenty-five horse-power each and capable of pulling 14,000 pounds up a grade of over 750 feet to a mile, an average speed of ten miles per hour being guaranteed. The road will be operated by electricity in the spring. It is claimed that the Baltimore road, which uses but three motors, is operated at about one-third of what it previously cost with horses.

THE following partial showing of irregularities in the divorce laws of over 38 states point clearly to the crying need of uniformity all over the Union: In twenty-three of the states a prior undissolved marriage sets aside a new union. In twenty insanity does the same; in seventeen nonage, and in thirteen fraud. These are grounds for declaring the marriage null and void *ab initio*. Desertion as a ground for divorce varies in length and character in many states.

THE coal ring which dominates Chicago has taken another turn at the screws and put up the price of fuel. This is an evil that calls for redress at the hands of the law-making power, not only in Illinois, but in all other states. Ohio is cursed with this sort of a ring, and the present General Assembly can do a splendid piece of work for the people by passing the BRUMBACK bill prohibiting the "cornering" of coal and other necessaries of life.

THE Iowa Republican papers are booming Sen. ALLISON for the Presidential nomination in 1888. ALLISON is a good man, and would make a strong candidate; but his friends should go slow in pushing his claims. There's no hurry, gentlemen. A year hence will be amply early enough.

Dr. Kennedy's
FAVORITE REMEDY
is the best medicine in the world for all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder. It arrests Diabetic tendency, banishes inflammation and restores the Kidneys to a healthful action. Thousands have used it with entire success
FOR GRAVEL
and Stone in the Bladder. Mr. D. E. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., says: I had Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy disintegrated the Stone and delivered me from it. I am now well. If I had not taken this medicine just when I did I should long ago have been six feet under the sod.
"Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Stone in the Bladder.—S. W. Hicks, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.
R. S. B. Hatch, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., is 82 years old. He says: "I suffered from Liver Complaint for thirty years and could not obtain more than transient relief. I was persuaded by my friend D. H. Boag, to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Words cannot express how I rejoice at the providence that led me to do so, for my liver trouble is cured. My appetite is good, I digest my food with at difficulty and enjoy refreshing rest. I feel as youthful as a man may who, in the order of nature is and must be, so near his journey's end." All Druggists, $1; 6 for $5. Prepared by
Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
Liver Complaint

SOME PRIMARY INSTRUCTION.

It is amusing to note the queer ideas that occur to people when seeking an explanation for something of which they do not happen to know the history. A striking illustration of this comes to our hand this morning, by postal card from a gentleman in this city:

"In order to settle a dispute, will you kindly answer the following questions:

"Is it not a fact that where the letter H is added, it marks an incorporated village, and where it is not added, it makes it a corporate city? For example, Pittsburg, Perrysburgh.

"Second, What is the meaning of "rebellion," and also of "revolution"?

In the first query, we have a fine example of generalization from insufficient data. Because the name of a city whose last syllable is "burg" generally is written without the final *h*, and that of a village with that terminal, either our correspondent or his opponent in the dispute supposes that this final *h* is used to mark the distinction between incorporated and unincorporated towns.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The last syllable is the word *borough*, which is defined by WEBSTER as meaning, "in England, a town or village that sends members to Parliament; in Scotland, a body corporate, consisting of the inhabitants of a certain district, erected by the sovereign, with certain jurisdiction;" and in Pennsylvania and Connecticut, in this country, "an incorporated town or village." The Anglo-Saxon form of the word is *burg*, and this is defined by WEBSTER as meaning, "1. A fortified town. 2. A borough." It is also spelled *burgh*. In its general sense of meaning a town or city, it is used in the names of many places. Pittsburg, or Pittsburgh (for the name is spelled both ways) was named from WILLIAM PITT, the famous English minister, and means "PITT's town." Perrysburg was named from Commodore PERRY, the hero of Lake Erie, and means "PERRY's town." Sometimes the word *borough* in such names is shortened into *boro;* as Murfreesboro, Tennessee; Attleboro, Westboro; and sometimes the name of the capital of Scotland is spelled Edinboro or Edinbro, by Scotch writers, instead of Edinburgh. In this country the tendency is to drop the final *h* in the last syllable of such names, and spell them Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Catlettsburg, etc.

The word "rebellion" means the act of rebelling. To "rebel," according to WEBSTER, is "to revolt; to take up arms traitorously against the state or government; to renounce the authority of the laws and government to which one owes allegiance." "Revolution" is "the act of renouncing the authority of the government; a revolt successfully or completely accomplished; a fundamental change in political organization." That is, a rebellion is a rising against the government; if successful in overturning it, it becomes a revolution.

GHOSTS.

If HOMER may be credited, and it would seem that later evidence goes in that direction, the contestants about ancient Troy were no doubtful spiritualists. They believed that the ethereal warrior, who fell in the cause full of courage, inspired the remaining champions with a new ardor, and that the wisdom of the Nestors, whose counsels were best on earth, still directed deliberations in the field from their supernal abode. If we could be so fortunate as to imbibe some such a sentiment, or our legislators might inhale the teachings of the late Sen. LOGAN, possibly the bill for coast defenses would not be eternally pigeonholed, and possibly those living might not mourn him as one altogether lost to the nation. A few such ghosts might, by the way, make eligible substitutes for some of those in the flesh. The shade of DEWITT CLINTON, for instance, in the secretary's chair, who presides over the Navy department, might give some practical teachings on the subject of canal boats, at least, but it seems quite hopeless in the case of the present incumbent; for it will require the balance of his term to inspect the beautiful models—catch on to the nautical phrase —that he seems to be misled with. The ghosts of DRAKE and NELSON seem to have left a heritage with our cousins over the water, whilst PAUL JONES and DECATUR and FARRAGUT must be lonely above, as they observe the waters once held by them now unploughed by the keel of an American craft. Still, we have the Puritan, and may be happy yet.

MR. DURHAM, the national comptroller of the currency, proposes to inforce a disused statute by withholding their salaries from persons now in the service of the government who appear to be indebted thereto in any manner. Where this enforcement of the law works injustice relief must be sought from Congress. Ex-Gov. CURTIN, now a member of the House, is one against whom the government holds a claim, and an interesting point is involved in his case. Can the comptroller prevent the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House from paying a Representative his salary?

THE New York *Sun* tells a solid truth to its free trade Democratic friends in the following paragraph:

"There is no doubt that free trade is the true theory, considered in the abstract, and apart from all questions of history and policy. But so is peace the true theory. Nothing can be more foolish than for nations to maintain great armies and go to war with each other. In fact, all the intellectual absurdity of protection is nothing compared to the absurdity of war."

THE province of Ontario, Canada, has but one legislative chamber, instead of two, as is the case generally. There is no senate or upper house, the House of Assembly being the sole seat of power. In this respect, it is a pure democracy. After nineteen years' trial the experiment of a one-chamber legislature has been found to work admirably, and any proposal for a change in this respect would be scouted.

A LATE work upon Alaska, written by Mr. HENRY ELLIOTT, who spent a considerable time in that province, shows that its acquisition was anything but a poor speculation. The famous Pribyloo group of islands upon the coast has alone in its seal industry, returned to the government more than the $7,000,000 expended for the entire territory.

VIENNA has a periodical, which has just been started, that has the startling title of *Woman's Foe*. Its influence is to be wielded against the female sex, the declared object being the emancipation of man from woman's tyranny. Next!

AN APPEAL FOR AID.

Destitution and Starvation in Drouth-Stricken Texas—No Exaggeration.

FORT WORTH, Jan. 6.—The *Gazette* has made the following estimate of the number of destitute families in the drouth-stricken region of Texas: Callahan county, 30; Parker, 100; Taylor, 200; Palo Pinto, 250; Coleman, 150; Jack, 300; Stephens, 350; Runnels, 200; Jones, 225; Shackleford, 150; Haskell, 30; Young, 150; Brown, 400; Eastland, 50; Comanche, 500; Nolan, 50; Fisher, 100; Erath, 150; Marton, 10, and Hardeman, 150.

From several counties no figures have yet been obtained, and in the estimate given above the figures are in every county smaller than the number reported by the county judge's convention, so there is no room for shrinking.

In speaking of the situation the *Gazette* makes an appeal for aid for the sufferers, and says: "There is privation and want in certain counties that demand immediate relief, and the truth concerning it should be told in the interest of suffering humanity. The truth will only result in giving bread to those who need it, but it will extract the mischief from any exaggeration. But for the wholesale falsehood that people in Texas were suffering by the hundreds of thousands, those who were actuated by selfish interests would have been able to create the impression that no suffering at all existed. Strong men who would go away to other localities in search of work, dread to leave wives and babies in their homes without bread. Men who have homes paid for grow desperate, and consider whether they shall carry their helpless families to the county seat and leave them as paupers to be cared for, while they seek work and money and bread wherever they may be found. All the counties are not suffering to the same degree and extent, but there is genera need, and some privation, so intense that without aid, without some recognition of common humanity, there may go out to the world a story of more bitter shame and greater hurt to the state than any which has been exaggerated in the past."

CHINESE PIRATES.

A French Garrison of Sixty Men Annihilated.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 8.—The Hong Kong *Mail* says that the troubles on the frontier of Tonquin and China have assumed more serious proportions. News has been brought from Pakhoi to Hong Kong by the German steamer Signal that large bodies of Chinese pirates attacked the French garrison at Hakoi on November 24, and after three days' siege completely annihilated it. They also attacked Monghai, with a similar result. The latter is a town ten miles from the coast, on the border line of China and Tonquin. No particulars of the massacre which occurred at Monghai, were given.

Hakoi is about 30 miles south of Monghai, on the coast. The French had a small fortification there, with a garrison of 60 men under the command of Lieut. MacMahon, a nephew of Marshal MacMahon. After three days' siege only 23 of the garrison remained alive. These made a sortie, but not one survived. The latest information stated that the cities of Hakoi and Monghoi had been fired. It is believed the same forces which captured the boundary commissioners perpetrated these massacres.

Agricultural Interests.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—Mr. Joseph H. Reall, of New York, president of the American Agricultural and Dairy association, who is in Washington for the purpose of promoting agricultural interests in Congress, said to a reporter to-day that there are three bills now pending which the association desires to have passed, namely, the department agricultural bill, the animal industry bill and the agricultural experiment station bill. They have been reported favorably by the committee of Agriculture, and are in charge of Rep. Hatch. They are all important measures, Mr. Reall says, and should pass without opposition. Upon being asked whether the farmers and dairymen are satisfied with the oleomargarine law, Pres. Reall said: "Yes, it is growing in popularity every day. There was at first a disposition to complain of the tax not being high enough, but it is found that the rate imposed, together with the licenses, affords producers of butter a fair protection, and as long as their opponents comply with the law, and butter can be produced at the present cost, I do not think they will ask for any change in the law. It has already proved itself to be the most useful piece of legislation ever enacted by Congress in the interests of agriculture. It is stated on good authority that the law has already saved over $1,000,000 to the dairy farmers of New York alone, and, of course, a proportional large amount to the farmers of all other states where dairying is an occupation. I am satisfied that the same majority which passed the bill, if not a greater one, will stand firmly by it against all attacks, and we shall not attempt to amend or change the law ourselves until it has had a fair trial."

The Pension Office.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—Fifteen thousand two hundred and eight original pension claims have been filed in the pension office in the past six months. This shows a great falling off, and indicates that the tidal mark of the pension business has been reached, unless there is additional legislation. Most of the claims now filed are for increase. Commissioner Black has submitted his report of the condition of the criminal prosecutions docket of the Pension office, showing the condition of the 2803 cases pending. Many of these have been permitted to dawdle on the docket for years, but Gen. Black has determined to push them to completion and make the law a terror to evil-doers. The amount of frauds lastly obtained was $72,000, an insignificant amount considering that from $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 annually have been appropriated for many years.

The Logan Fund.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Capt. G. E. Lemmon has received additional contributions to the Logan fund, which have not heretofore been acknowledged. Cash, Illinois, $500; Clarke E. Carr, Galesburg, Ill., $50; Hon. John R. McShane, Omaha, Neb., $1,000; Hon. John M. Thurston, Omaha, $500; Hon. C. B. Grubb, Burlington, N. J., $500; I. Milliken, Decatur, Ill., $200; Wenton, Mo., G. A. R. Post No. 2, $25.

Through A. J. Drexel & Co., Philadelphia: Sedgwick Post No. 2, G. A. R., $85; E. H. Bartol, $100; Samuel Crozier, 100; George C. Thomas, $50.

Forwarded by Henry C. Bowen, of the New York *Independent*, as follows: A. A. Low, $250; Arnold, Constable & Co., $100; S. T. Stranahan, $100; Spencer Trask, $50; W. E. D. Stokes, $25. Total, $3,550.

Gen. Duncan Dead.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Brevet Brig. Gen. Thomas Duncan, U. S. A., retired, died yesterday afternoon, after a short illness, at his residence in this city. During the war of the rebellion, Gen. Duncan was struck on the head by a cannon ball, and a portion of his skull knocked off. Trepanning was resorted to, and for more than 20 years he has worn the silver plate which took the place of the abstracted portions of his shattered skull.

Minneapolis Mills.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 6.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: The output last week was 105,550 barrels, averaging 15,079 barrels daily, as against 117,490 barrels the preceding week, and 68,050 barrels the corresponding time in 1885. There has been active demand for flour, and every boost is making extra efforts to get out all that is possible. All the engines (seven in number) are being utilized to their fullest extent. The week's product will reach 100,000 barrels, or over, though the water power is not good.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With BLADE
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 00
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 00
New York Ledger	3 00	3 25
Prairie Farmer	2 00	2 10
Scientific American	3 00	3 00
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 30
Chicago Advance	2 50	2 60
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 60
Rural New Yorker (with seeds)	2 00	4 75
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	3 00	3 25
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 50
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Ladies' Floral Cabinet	1 25	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 50
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 10
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 00	2 30
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 20
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 40
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 05
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 35
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	2 40
The Century	4 00	4 50
Harper's Young People	2 00	2 85

We stipulate that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other paper ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same postoffice.

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Winchester's

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite,** and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. TAKE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. $1 and $2 per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
No. 162 William St., New York.

Financial Condition of Texas.

AUSTIN, Jan. 4.—Less than two years ago the state treasurer was compelled to suspend payment of warrants for a few months, owing to lack of funds. The condition of the state treasury has greatly improved since the above mentioned depressed period, however, and the opening of the new year shows a cash balance to the account of the general revenue fund of $317,688, and the other funds $217,000, while the interest bearing county and state bonds in the treasury to the credit of the school fund aggregate $53,901, with $1,000,000 bonds to the credit of the other funds.

Publishers' Column.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will you buy? There are many good ones an many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no reeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

It was to break the monopoly that the BLADE commenced this business, and it has succeeded.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The four divines	65
The four generals	65
The entire set of eight	1 15

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE TOLEDO
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
UNDER CHARGE OF
Prof. E. H. OSTHAUS
AND
MISS AMY R. KIRKPATRICK.
NEW BLADE BUILDING, Toledo, O.

The best facilities for an Art Education in the United States.
A Collection of over 1,000 Paintings for the use of Students.
ALSO THE FINEST ART GALLERY OF OIL PAINTINGS IN THE WEST.

For Particulars, address
D. Knight Carter, Actuary
TOLEDO, O.
A valuable pamphlet on Art Education sent free on application.

THE WATERBURY
"Nasby Watch,"
During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous
WATERBURY WATCHES
to our patrons, and they have almost universally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as these were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do that: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the batch for a dollar less than its price or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to
BLADE, Toledo, O.
and secure one of these superb Watches and the BLADE for one year.

THE BEST
SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD
IS THE
BLADE!
It is The Best,
It is the Cheapest,
and It is The Handsomest.

Since the introduction of the Blade Machine, less than nine months ago several thousands have been placed in as many homes. That they have given perfect satisfaction the following testimonials, which are only two out of thousnnds, abundantly show:

SHERBURN, Minn., July 22, 1886.
We have received the machine; it came in good shape; the freight was $1.40. My wife is well pleased with the machine and every one that has seen it thinks it is a beauty; it runs easy and does splendid work and it is a wonder to every one that has seen it run to see with what ease it sews from thin to thick cloth without change of tension, and where other machines would clog on a seam it runs through with ease. It would cost $25 to $40 to get a machine here not near as good. You will get more orders from here soon. I will do all I can to help you.
WALTER W. WALLARD.

MARYSVILLE, Kan., July 24, 1886.
The Sewing Machine I ordered of you, June 5, arrived all right two weeks ago; we have given it a thorough trial, and can say it is a first-class machine. It runs very light, and is very easy to understand. Several of the ladies of our neighborhood have been to see it and all say it is "just splendid." I think you can expect more orders from this neighborhood soon.
I wish you every success in your effort to "bust" the sewing machine monopoly.
W. A. TAYLOCK.

Excellence is of course the first point, but price is almost as important What good is the best machine if it is out of reach of the people? The Blade Machine was made to break the prices of this indispensible household adjunct. All of the monopoly machines sold through agents cost you from $35 upward. We sell direct to the people, a better machine, better finished and better in principle, for less than half. We give you the Blade Sewing Machine for $18, and send you the Weekly Blade one year.

If you want a machine order it at once. There will be a rush for it next month, and you should get in your order at once.

Remember the Blade Sewing Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

The Machine is the best in the world. It is a new machine, upon an entirely new principle, and manufactured by ourselves in our own factory.

FULL SET OF ATTACHMENTS.

ADDRESS
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Don't Buy SEEDS, ROSES PLANTS
FRUIT OR ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES
OR ANYTHING IN THE NURSERY LINE, without first writing for our valuable FREE Catalogue, the BEST we ever issued, containing the Rarest New and Choicest Old.
21 LARGE GREENHOUSES
33d YEAR. 700 ACRES.
THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

L. S. L.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.
"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."
G. T. BEAUREGARD
J. A. EARLY
Commissioners.
We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.
J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.

UNPREGEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed.
LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.
Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.
By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.
The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.
It never scales or postpones.
Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).
A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. SECOND GRAND DRAWING CLASS B, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, February 8, 1887, —201st Monthly Drawing.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.
Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.
LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
1,000 "	50	50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$30,000
100 " "	200	20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$855,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.
For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed
M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.
Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.
REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what numbers will draw a Prize. All parties therefore advertising to guarantee Prizes in this Lottery, or holding out any other impossible inducements, are swindlers, and only aim to deceive and defraud the unwary.

WORK For all, $30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.
PATENTS Obtained. H. W. T. Jonner, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Charges moderate. Circulars free.
$ 00 Will buy 200 acre improved farm. Easy terms. Send stamp. C. C. DENNIS, Fredericktown, Mo.
LADIES! My French Tansy Pills will please you every time. Prompt, reliable, harmless when used according to directions. One year's supply sent securely sealed by mail on receipt of $1. Address, DR. D. H. LOWE, Winsted, Conn.
Geological Cabinet, $10. Sample specimen, 10c. W. H. WINKLEY, Clearfield, Iowa.
18 New Hidden Name Border Cards and Ring, 10c. 6 pkgs. & 6 rings 50c. Munson Bros., Mt. Carmel, Ct.
250 Scrap Pictures & Verses with new samples for 1887, 5c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Ct.
WANTED—Agents to sell PRATT'S PATENT BUTTON FASTENER. Address PRATT MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass.
DR. CHASE'S Last Receipt Book. The "Memorial Edition." The crowning work of his life. Just out. Only 50 cents. F. B. DICKERSON & CO., Detroit, Mich.
Absolute Divorces cheaply without publicity. Desertion all causes. Nothing to any state. Advice free. Address Wm. Wahl, Ogdensburg, New York.
CERTAIN AND BIG PROFITS, Agents Wanted Everywhere for the "Jewel Seam Ripper," An article which sells at sight. Big Commissions, and sales certain wherever there are women who sew. Samples 25 cents. For particulars address JEWEL MANUFACTURING CO., Toledo, O.
SEEDS Large Garden Guide Free to all. You cannot afford to plant seeds until you get it. All tested, at low prices. D. M. FERRY & CO., Seedsmen, Detroit, Mich.
WEAK MEN MADE STRONG Vanishing from Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor, Lack of Development, Premature Decline, etc., caused by Errors or Excesses. Strengthening Electric Suspensory Appliances cure without medicine. Book, Pamphlet and Advice sealed free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.
Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE FERRY'S SEEDS

Every Package Contains Directions for Planting. For Sale by all Dealers. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1887 will be mailed FREE to all applicants. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. Detroit, Mich.
THE BEST
BOOKS
For the Winter.
The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. We better for family reading or presents to your friends a every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:
ANDERSONVILLE
A Story of Southern Prisons.
This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $2. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.
NASBY IN EXILE:
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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

IT IS A GOOD TIME.

We are now fairly launched into the New Year. Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven is no longer a future, a time that is coming, but it is here with us, and come to stay its span of life, and then be merged into the past—that past which, no matter what it includes, can never be recalled. It will carry with it every hasty word, every thoughtless act, every neglected duty, and only their haunting memory, to thrill with pain and regret, will remain.

Nor does this young year pause upon the order of its going. The to morrows become to-days, and in the twinkling of an eye, the to days are turned into yesterdays. To the young, whose hearts are bounding with high hopes and joyous anticipations, it sometimes seems to linger, but to the middle-aged, whose time for the accomplishment of ambitious life-plans is shortening, to the old who have watched the birth and death of so many years that eternity's shore is in sight,—there is no halting movement in the hours from noontide to noontide again. Only when sitting in the shadow of some overmastering sorrow; only when looking and longing for the step that comes not, and the voice that is not heard, do these new year hours seem to drag heavily, and all we can say of those who are thus bereft is—God help them!

Yes, the new year is here and is speeding away. Do you realize what it means to each and every one of us? Do you see the possibilities of doing which it holds—possibilities for good which only the Infinite can measure? There is not one, no, not one, no matter how plain, how poor, how obscure, but holds a power of doing in this single year of 1887, what may make or mar, not only individual life, but that of many another, by conscious or unconscious influence and example. Do not question the fact; do not put it away to escape responsibility, but strive to realize with me, that life and its circumstances are so ordered that none can live for self alone, that none can escape that immutable law of dependence each upon the other. And because this is so, because the consequences of right or wrong are never ending, the ordering of each hour's doing becomes of tremendous importance I shall never forget the words of one who was mournfully regretting a hasty and inconsiderate or mistaken speech, which had deeply wounded another: "How I wish it had not been spoken. I can never call it back, never, and it will go on and on for aye, never losing strength as it goes, and I shall have its consequences to account for, and who can tell what they may be."

Does that seem a strained sense of regret? It was not when we consider how closely human lives are interwoven, and that a word or a look may arouse feelings which will produce momentous changes in their outcome, affecting the everlasting future. It is well, perhaps, that the full meaning of our daily living does not come upon us, or we might sink under the comprehension.

The new year is the time for good resolutions. You have made none do you say, because they are so sure to be broken? Well, suppose they are. The good thoughts which gave rise to them will shed a glow over you spirit that will brighten somebody's life with whom you come in contact. The effort that you will make to keep them even though it is soon over, will bear its fruit of good, and therefore is by no means worthless. It is not too late. The new year is still in its tender youth, and you can yet impress right resolves upon its plastic face.

You have no need of turning over a new leaf and writing upon its snowy pages resolutions for better doing and better living? Then, indeed, you are an anomoly among mortals. Have you no faults, small in themselves, but annoying to others? Are you always unselfish in words and action? Do you speak no evil of your neighbor? Are you patient and forbearing with those around you? Are you making the most of brain and body, not for selfish purposes, but to add to the glory of humanity? Is there sympathy in your heart for those less fortunate than yourself? Are you persevering in your efforts to help the ignorant and vicious? Are you vainglorious over some real or fancied superiority? Think the matter over carefully and prayerfully, remembering that it may be, where you fancy yourself the strongest you are most vulnerable.

I recall a quaint expression from dear lips regarding the constant effort necessary to the highest living.

"It makes me so tired," she said, with a comic look of despair, "to feel that I must always be fighting my natural impulses all my life in order to be fit to live. If eternal progression depends upon unceasing effort, as good people say, I believe I wish I'd never been born."

No doubt many of us have felt in the same way, when, worn out mentally and physically, the problem of daily existence seemed too hard for us to solve. Looking forward to the to morrows that were to bring so many cares and duties, so many struggles with temptations from which none can escape, perfect rest seemed the only boon worth having. At such times it is needful to remember that though we view it in the aggregate, only what pertains to the one day is to be accomplished within its limits, that, though the influences of each lap over and pass into the forever, the actual struggling and striving come to us gradually and naturally as the seasons run their course. The little fable of the pendulum of the clock stopping its swinging because in despair from having calculated the number of times it must swing during the year to come, teaches a good lesson. It was only moved to resume its labors by being reminded that though so much was to be done, it need only swing once a second.

The new year is a good time for self-examination. There is something in the thought that it is the beginning of a new cycle of time, that it holds within its grasp possibilities for you, of which, perhaps, you do not dream, that it may bring glad changes into your life which will make living more precious, that it gives you new opportunities for carrying out your ambitions, that it may draw you nearer to what you most wish and hope for—there is something in all this that leads to more earnest thought and endeavor. You feel more like letting the dead past bury its dead, and beginning anew. The good fight seems easier to bring to a victorious ending, and you wax valiant as you think of all that means to you.

Alas, that we so often fail in our endeavors, that the apples of gold that glitter in the rosy morn of the new year turn to ashes in the tasting! Yet, is it not because those we reach for the most eagerly, are beautiful only in our own sight, that we pluck them only for our own purposes, that no thought of others nerves our arm and points our aim?

In all our gettings, get understanding; and that which makes us strive for truth for truth's own sake, is the best of all. Knowing as we do that we are each and all approaching the beyond, that no love, no power, no strength, no knowledge can hold us back for aye, that the one great change from which there is no escape each new year brings nearer, how passing strange it is that we live as if the mortal were so much more than the immortal, the finite than the infinite! And yet there is nothing more certain than that we can seize the good rather than the evil, and that every earnest effort towards the right, whether to the world it seems futile or not, counts with One who sees not as men see, and will bring us by so much the nearer to the perfect state humanity is intended to reach as a finality.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Hat Bands.—Some one writes to know about hat bands for the inside of gentlemen's hats. Probably she refers to those upon which the initials are embroidered. These are made of ribbon of some bright color, perhaps two and a half inches wide, and long enough to go across the inside of the bottom of the hat. Have the initials of the owner stamped in pretty letters upon it and then embroider them in bright colors. Tack this in firmly to the lining and so that the edges at the ends will be concealed.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work and House Decoration," and it will help you make many pretty things.

Pretty Stool.—Get what is called a milking stool. Gild the legs, then cover the top after first laying on something to give it a little roundness with coarse cloth and then with some bright colored material. Crochet with macrame cord of contrasting color another cover with a drooping edge that can be fastened on with bows of ribbon on the middle of the four sides.—ED.

A Stool.—I want to tell the ladies how to make a nice stool. Old tin cans give a nice shape, one in the center and six wrapped solid around. Old coffee sacks make very good binding. Next take cretonne, or velveteen is prettier for outside covering. Take a wire (mine is the bail out of an old tin bucket), and bind in the shape of a hair pin; hold wire in the left hand, and with the right wrap zephyr evenly, first up and then down. Thus you have formed two layers. Now take a needle and coarse thread, back-stitch through the center, then slip zephyr off wire, sew it on the cretonne in shape of any flower. With scissors very sharp at the point cut open and trim off close. For instance, white, then red sewed around it in a ring and trimmed off nicely makes a lovely rose, by using different shades of green for leaves. Chain stitch is nice for rose or any large flower, and Kensington stitch for buds. A bleeding heart is nice for the top, and on the side of every can a smaller flower, on one a rose, another a bunch of daisies and so on, and where the ton and sides join together feather stitch a bright zephyr up like the stem or shade? Will some one also please give names of plants for a hanging basket that freezing will not injure? Also of the treatment of the plant called Arnotthocholius—does it bloom?—A. E. F.

Will some one please give directions for tinting photographs (as frequently seen) on the card?—M. B.

How is the garter stitch made?—EMMA K.

About one year ago the following recipe for removing wrinkles from the skin, was given in the BLADE: 1 fluid oz. gum benzoin; ½ oz. glycerine; 7 ozs. distilled rose water. I took it to different druggists but not one of them could give a fluid ounce of gum, but advised instead tincture of benzoin, which is a strong preparation of the gum. But when mixed with the other ingredients of the compound, much of it went back to gum. Will the lady who gave the recipe please explain? Will the editor please tell me if there is a recipe for removing wrinkles in "Health and Beauty?"—AMANDA.

The recipe should read "tincture of gum benzoin." There must have been something wrong in the putting up of this simple mixture, as it has been many times tested without such results. The recipe came from "Health and Beauty," in which there is a chapter devoted to the skin that will give you many excellent hints in regard to its care.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. C. S. Cooper, Iowa, we cannot publish calls for money for any purpose, such as you mention, good as it is. This is a rule of the paper, made, because requests similar to yours were frequent, and sometimes from imposters, so that it became necessary.—ED.

Can any one tell me where I shall send to get a prayer book?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Send to the nearest book store, where they are sure to be kept, or if not the dealer will send for one for you.—ED.

If Mrs. Frank Benjamin will take equal parts of tar and mutton tallow, I think it will help her baby's face. Melt tallow, then put in the same amount of tar, and stir until it cools; it will make what is called tar ointment. If her baby nurses "cracks open" on top. Bake a covered pan about four inches deep. When cold it will make splendid toast. Butter while hot; cut slices thin.—F. C. P.

Yeast Powder.—One-quarter lb. soda; ½ lb. cream of tartar; 1 pt. flour. Mix these thoroughly by sifting through your flour sifter several times; put in covered glass jar and keep in a dry room. Purchase ingredients at any drug store, and you will have a pure and good yeast powder.—F. E. P.

Lemon Essence.—Cover the lemon rinds remaining from lemonade with alcohol and bottle for use; in one week you will have excellent lemon essence.—F. C. P.

Potato Ball Yeast.—Some one asked how to make potato yeast, and as no one answered I will tell them. Pare five or six common-sized potatoes, cook them till they are soft, drain the water all off, mash them, first adding what any cook book wants to use feathers at all for, except in pillows. But in hot weather you can wash them. Do not take the feathers out of the ticks, but lay them on nice clean grass, and with plenty of hot soap-suds and a broom, scour thoroughly, wetting the feathers well. Shake and stir with a vengeance. Rinse well in warm water, and let in dew and dew till you can tell by the feeling of them that they are dry. Then make good smooth flour starch, and smear all over with the hands, or better, a small broom. No fear that they will spoil before drying, if you choose a hot, dry spell, not too near dog days. Stretch and smooth the ticks well while drying, and it will be a long time before they will be dirty again.—C. O. OSSIAN BUD.

Please tell Mrs. E. Thompson that I will furnish a beautiful piece of coral for her cabinet, as she requests a reader to answer in last BLADE.—MRS. ROSA CAPEHART, St. Albans, Kanawha county, W. Va.

In answer to "Anxious Mother," I would say for goiter, dip a cloth in strong salt water, and put around the neck, with enough outside to keep clothing dry. Put on every night.—MRS. W. W. RAINER.

I notice in the BLADE of the 9th inst., which chanced to fall into my hands, an appeal for a cure for goitre, and my sympathy with a distressed mother, leads me to tell of a case which very recently came to my knowledge. While stopping temporarily at a hotel in a neighboring town, where a "Christian scientist" was also staying, I saw a case of goitre, or swelled neck, that ever came under my observation. A woman who had suffered twelve years with this neck, without obtaining help from the doctors, called on the woman scientist to see if there was any help for her in that new system of treating disease. I saw the neck and it was fearful to behold. The scientist gave her a treatment and she went away. Next morning she returned, a happy and delighted woman. The swelling had gone down half, and she was able to close her dress at the neck, which before she could not do. Another treatment was given her, and from that time the belief that she would be entirely cured. I left the place that day and saw no more of the woman with the goitre, but I have since met the lady who treated her—Mrs. J. C. Brohard, Malvern, Ia.—and she told me that the goitre had disappeared entirely, and the woman who had borne it for twelve long years was exceedingly happy.

If a "Distressed Mother" lives near a "Christian scientist" I would advise her by all means to try that treatment for her daughter; or, if not near one, if she can afford the expense, to go to one. There are several in Chicago, Council Bluffs, Malvern and other towns in Iowa, and in other parts of the country. If I knew the address of a "Distressed Mother" I could better advise her where to go, and what to do; but now I can only tell her what I have seen and know, and bid her hope. The four treatments cured the woman.—AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Recipes.

Plain Buns.—2 lbs. of flour, 6 ozs. sugar, 1 yeast cake, ½ pt. of milk, warm, ½ lb. butter. Put flour in a basin, mix the sugar with it; make a hole in it and stir in the yeast and milk, warm as for bread. Set in a warm place for sponge to rise. Warm the butter but do not oil. Stir into other ingredients and make into a soft dough. Then mould into buns the size of eggs, set in a warm place to double the size, and then bake in a brick oven. When nearly done brush over with a little milk and return to oven. Currants can be added, and they are very nice.

Good Plain Buns.—1 lb. flour, 6 ozs. butter, ¼ lb. sugar, 1 egg, ¼ pt. milk (bare), 2 small teaspoonfuls baking powder, and a few drops of essence of lemon. Use the milk lukewarm, and beat the dough well for ten minutes.

Light Buns.—½ teaspoonful tartaric acid, ½ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, 1 lb. flour, 2 ozs. butter, 2 ozs. granulated sugar, ¼ lb. currants, ½ pt cold milk, 1 egg.

Victoria Buns.—2 ozs. granulated sugar, 1 egg, 1½ ozs. ground rice, 2 ozs. butter, 4½ ozs. currants, a few thin slices of peel, sufficient flour to enable the mixture to be rolled into seven or eight balls. Put into a brick oven immediately.

Boiled Lemon Pudding.—½ lb. finely chopped suet, ¾ lb. bread crumbs, 2 small lemons, 6 ozs. sugar, ¼ lb. flour, 2 eggs, milk sufficient to make the whole into a thick batter. Mix the dry ingredients well together, adding the lemon peel, which should be finely minced, then strain the juice and add with eggs and milk as required. Put into a buttered mould or bowl, and boil 3½ hours. Tie a floured cloth over the top and plunge into boiling water. Keep boiling the whole time. Serve hot, with sifted sugar over. This is first class to my taste. Can be baked for a change—two hours will bake it—but it is best boiled.—E. W.

Cake Without Eggs.—Put 1½ tablespoonfuls of butter in a cup; then fill up with buttermilk; 1 cupful of sugar and nearly 2 cupfuls of flour, add 1 teaspoonful of soda and season with nutmeg or lemon. Try it and you will be surprised at his excellence. I sometimes take a cupful of molasses instead of sugar and ginger and nutmeg or lemon, and have a nice loaf of soft gingerbread.—MRS. H. R. S., Perry, N. Y.

Corn Bread.—Eight qts. coarse white meal, 2 pts. brown flour, 1 yeast cake, 2 tablespoonfuls salt. Soak your yeast cake in cold water for a few minutes. Divide the meal into two parts; scald one half of the meal with boiling water; cool it with cold water; add the remainder of the meal, the flour, salt, and yeast; the mixture should be milk warm and quite stiff. Set to lighten about four hours, or until it "cracks open" on top. Bake in

The Farm.

Information Wanted

MUSHROOMS.—Please tell me through the BLADE where I can get information how to raise and where to get the seed or spawn to grow them?—J. W. KING, Clinton, Iowa. In the following, from the *American Gardener's Assistant*, will be found a complete description of the mushroom and how to raise it. The spawn may be had of any leading seedsman at about 30 cents per pound for English, and French at $2 for three-pound boxes:

The *Agaricus* is said to be the most extensive genus in the vegetable kingdom. The species are determined upon various principles. As some of the kinds are poisonous, it is necessary to describe the eatable mushroom. London says, it is most readily distinguished when of a middle size, by its fine pink or flesh-colored gills, and pleasant smell. In a more advanced age, the gills become of a chocolate color, and it is then more apt to be confounded with other kinds of doubtful quality; but that especies which most nearly resembles it is slimy to the touch, destitute to fine odor, and has a disagreeable smell.

Again, the noxious kinds grow in woods, while the true mushroom springs up chiefly in open pastures, and should be gathered only in such places. The latter species, however, will sometimes spring up on artificial beds in gardens. Sometimes, when the spawn begins to run, a spurious breed is often found to precede a crop of genuine mushrooms. The poisonous toad-stool, *Agaricus vorosus*, may generally be detected by the presence of a sickly, nauseous smell, though some hurtful kinds are so free from anything disagreeable in the smell as to make any criterion, drawn from that alone, very unsafe. The wholesome kinds, however, invariably emit a grateful, rich odor.

In order to ascertain whether what appear to be mushrooms can be obtained at any season of the year by a proper regulation of the time and manner of forming the beds. A good crop is sometimes collected without making a bed on purpose, by introducing lumps of spawn into the top mould of old hotbeds. The *Agaricus campestris* is most generally cultivated. Mr. Withering mentions other edible varieties, which grow considerably larger, but are inferior in flavor; he says "that a plant of the variety Georgia was gathered in an old hotbed at Birmingham, which weighed fourteen pounds; and Mr. Stackhouse found one 54 inches in circumference, having a stem as thick as a man's thigh."

The methods of procuring and propagating spawn, and of forming mushroom beds, are numerous. Indigenous spawn may be collected in pasture lands in September and October, or it may be found in its strength and purity in the paths of mills worked by horses, or in any other horse-walks under shelter; it is frequently found in old hotbeds and dunghills in the summer season, and mushrooms of good quality may often be seen beginning to form on the surface, like large peas. When these are absorbed it is time to make up the spawn, which is generally in hard, dry lumps of dung, the spawn having the appearance of whitish coarse pieces of thread. The true sort has exactly the smell of a mushroom. If spawn thus collected be required for immediate use, it may be planted in the beds at once, or it may be kept one or four years, if laid to dry with the earth adhering to it, and afterwards placed in a warm, dry shed, where there is a current of air; but if it be not completely dried the spawn will exhaust itself or perish, as it will not bear the extremes of heat, cold, or moisture.

How to Make Mushroom Beds.—Mushroom beds are simply heaps of animal dung and earth, so tempered as to be capable of producing and preserving spawn; but in order to have fruitful spawn at all times, it should be so formed as to be always at command. To this end, a quantity of fresh horse-droppings mixed with short litter should be collected. Add to this one-third of cow-dung and a small portion of good earth, to cement it together; mush the whole into a thin compost, like grafting clay; then form it in the shape of bricks; which being done, set them on edge, and frequently turn them until half dry; then lay them to make one or two holes in each brick, and insert in each hole a piece of spawn the size of an egg; the bricks should then be laid where they can dry gradually. When dry, lay dry horse-dung on a level floor, six or eight inches thick; on this place the bricks, the spawn side up. When the pile is snugly formed, cover it with a small portion of fresh warm horse-dung, sufficient in quantity to produce a gentle glow through the whole. When the spawn has spread itself through every part of the bricks, the process is ended, and they may be laid up in any dry place for use. Mushroom spawn, made according to this recipe, will preserve its vegetating powers for many years, if well dried before it is laid up, if moist, it will grow, and soon exhaust itself.

Mushroom-beds are often formed in ridges in the open air, covered with litter and mats, so as to prevent heavy rains exciting a fermentation; and sometimes in ridges of the same sort, under cover, as in the open sheds of hot-houses. They are also made in close sheds, behind hot-houses, or in houses built on purpose, called mushroom-houses. In order to keep warm, a good cellar is peculiarly suited for the purpose, in the winter season, as no fire is necessary, and but little water—the application of which frequently proves injurious when not judiciously managed. Mushrooms may also be raised in pots, boxes, hampers, etc., placed in warm situations, and also in old beds, planted in warm sheltered borders, and in dark frames or pits.

The general way of making mushroom-beds is to prepare a body of stable-dung, moderately fermented, about a yard in thickness, more or less, according to the time you intend the bed to continue in which to be formed. When the strong heat has subsided, an inch of good mould may be laid over it, and the spawn planted therein in rows five or six inches apart. After this is done, another layer of mould an inch thick, may be added, and then a coat of straw. Role or mats may be used to cover the mushrooms in five or six weeks, and will continue to produce for several months, if care be taken in gathering not to destroy the young ones. As mushrooms are gathered from time to time, the straw should be spread carefully over the bed.

Beds made in a convenient place, where there is space all around, may be formed so as to make four sloping surfaces, similer to the roof of a house, which, by being spawned on the four sides, will yield abundantly. The celebrated Mr. Nichol makes his beds without straw. The following are his directions, taken from London's Encyclopædia of Gardening:

"After having laid a floor of ashes, stones, chips, gravel, or brick-bats, so as to keep the bed quite dry and free from undermdamp, lay a course of horse-droppings six inches thick. These should be new from the stables, and must not be broken, and the dryer the better. They may be collected every day until the whole floor or sole be covered to the above thickness; but they must not be allowed to ferment nor to heat. In the whole process of making up, the bed should be as much exposed to the air as possible; and it should be carefully defended from wet, if out of doors. When this course is quite dry, and judged to be past a state of fermentation, cover it to the thickness of two inches with light, dry earth; if sandy, so much the better. It is immaterial whether it be rich or not; the only use of earth here being for spawn to run and mass in. Now lay another course of droppings, and earth them over as above, when past a state of fermentation; then a third course, which, in like manner, earth all over. This finishes the bed, which is a very strong, lasting and productive one, if properly managed afterwards.

"Observe, that in forming the bed, it should be a little rounded in order that the center may not be more wet or moist than the sides. This may be done in forming the sole or floor of the bed, and the bed would then be of equal strength in all parts. If it be made up against a wall in a cellar, stable, or shed, it may have a slope of a few inches from the back to the front, less or more, according to its breadth. I have sometimes been contented with two courses as above, instead of three; and often, when materials were scarce, have made them up slighter, thus: three four-inch courses of droppings, with one inch of earth between each, and a two-inch covering at top. Such a bed as this I have had produce for ten or twelve successive months; yet very much depends on the state of the materials, on the care taken in making up the beds, and on the after-management.

"The droppings of hard-fed horses only are useful. Those of horses kept on green food will, of themselves, produce few or no mushrooms. I have made up beds from farm horses, fed partly on hard and partly on green food, and from the dung of horses, fed entirely on corn or hay, treated them in the same way in every respect, and have found, not once, but always, those made from the latter most productive. Droppings from hard-fed horses may be procured at the public stables in towns, or at inns in the country, any time of the year; and if the supply be plentiful, a bed of considerable dimensions may be made and finished within five or six weeks. In as many more weeks, if in a stable or dry cellar, or shed, it will begin to produce, and often sooner; but if the situation of the bed be cold, it will sometimes be two or three months in producing mushrooms."

Extremes of Temperature Should be Avoided.—It may be necessary to state further, that extremes of heat, cold, drought, and moisture should be avoided in the cultivation of mushrooms. If the temperature keeps up to 50° in the winter, the beds will be safe, and the heat in the beds may rise to 60° or even 70° without injury. Air also must be admitted in proportion to the heat, and 60° should be aimed at as a medium temperature. Water, when given a little at a time, is better than too much at once, after the spawn has begun to spread; and the water for this purpose should always be made blood-warm. A light covering of straw may be used to preserve moisture on the surface; and if the beds are made in open frames, or otherwise subject to exposure, the straw may be laid thicker than on beds made in a cellar.

Should beds fail in producing mushrooms after having been kept too hot or too wet, it may be inferred that the spawn is injured or destroyed; but if, on the contrary, a bed that has been kept moderately warm and dry should happen to be unproductive, such bed may be well replenished with warm water, and a coat of new dung may be laid over the whole. If this does not enliven the bed, after having lain a month, take the earth off; and if, on examination, there is no appearance of spawn, the whole may be destroyed. On the contrary, should the bed contain spawn, it may be renovated by covering it again, especially if any small tubercles be discernible. If the heat should have declined, the spawn may be taken out and used in a fresh bed. It beds be formed in hotbed frames under glass, some mats or straw must be laid over the glass to break off the intense heat of the sun.

THOMAS G. COLLINS, Millbury, O.:—In reply to your questions, "What is the action or influence of snow plowed under or covered in the manure pile? Does it improvcrish, or is it a fertilizer?" it is necessary to state what first causes snow. Snow is caused by the air being nearly saturated with vapor, and condensed by a current of air below of the freezing point. In this way some of the vapor is condensed and frozen into what is called snow. Snow falls in winter time because the sun's rays are too oblique to heat the surface of the earth; and (as the earth has no heat to radiate into the air) the air is very cold. Snow is a bad conductor of heat and cold, because the air is confined and congealed among the crystals, and air is a very bad conductor. When, therefore, the earth is covered with snow, it cannot throw off its heat by radiation. Snow is a nourisher (also mellower) of the earth because it supplies moisture containing carbonic acid, which penetrates slowly into the soil, and insinuates itself through every clod, ridge and furrow. You will therefore see that when snow is mixed with manure it has a good rather than bad effect. There is another thing that makes snow beneficial to the manure pile, and that the former should bear in mind, that manure well covered by snow retains its ammonial properties which is an important thing indeed. Have you not time and again been near the manure pile when there was a strong smell of ammonia? Cover the pile well with snow and the ammonia is held in the manure. Not alone this: the manure holds the heat, rots better, and is richer, on account of the retention of the ammonia. It would be well if farmers understood this more generally. For reasons given (snow containing carbonic acid), ground on which snow is turned is benefitted. Manure is bettered more by having a thick covering of snow on top of the pile than by putting it in layers through it.—ED.]

ELIAS DAVIS, Tell City, Ind.: Your colt is affected, we think, with blood spavin. To treat, give a moderate dose of aloes to prepare the system. Foment the part with hot water in which there is a little opium to assuage the pain. Then give half an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water twice a day for a week. As soon as the inflammation has been subdued apply this ointment: Powdered cantharides, 1 oz.; lard oil, 6 ozs. Melt together. This once a day, first gently scraping the part with a small piece of wood, and afterward washing with soap and water before applying. A week should be sufficient to subdue the spavin.—ED.]

SUBSCRIBER—Your chickens have roupe. Take a tin can, cut a hole in it about the size of an old-fashioned cent. Cut fine splints and put them down the hole. Pour a teaspoonful each of pine tree tar and crude carbolic acid on the splints. Set them on fire in the center of the can. Close the coop and let the chickens inhale the fumes. They will come out all right.—ED.

SUBSCRIBER, Cushing, Iowa—Your horse is affected with indigestion. See remedy in recent issue of BLADE FARM. For worms *see also remedy in* BLADE FARM of a week or two ago.—ED.

Notes of Interest.

EDITOR BLADE FARM.—The annexed verse from Thompson, is appropriate at present in connection with other notes:

"Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin, wavering, then at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cheriséd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white."

Freezing hens lay no eggs.

A scrub hog eats more than a good one.

Hogs that are squealing from cold are not making pork.

No thinking farmer can afford to neglect the farmers' institute.

Now is the time to lay the foundation for a better herd of swine.

The long winter evenings are the intellectual seed time of the year to the wise farmer. Cultivate your crops during the summer, but let the long fire lit evenings be religiously devoted to the cultivation of mind. No farmer who has any brains can afford to spend the short winter days at hard labor, and then go trudging around with a lantern in one hand "doing chores" in the evening. Industry is a most estimable virtue, but there are far too many farmers who know nothing else but work, and increasing bodily labor. The fact is that some of the most industrious people in the world never perform a hand's turn of manual labor. Under the most favorable circumstances, more than half the food consumed by our domestic animals in winter is used to furnish animal heat, instead of the best of the body; but there is no profit in the feeding which merely keeps the animal alive. In our present system of education—now, happily, rapidly passing away for a better one—we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working; and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense.

I knew a farmer last year who claimed to have compounded the best and most available cure for hog cholera; claimed, in fact, to have cured it in his at the time that our herds were almost wiped out. He now reports that, despite his "sure cure" he has but one left out of 109 this year. And that is about the way it goes. Don't fool away your money on any such "sure cures" of hog cholera. The man who does is in a fair way to learn wisdom very fast.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

More About Loco.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see in the issue of the 16th inst. some friend asking a description of the loco plant. Every one in this part knows it, as it grows in great abundance.

It is a fern-like plant of a light green color growing in shape and color similar to the "shoestring." It has no stalk, but grows in bundles and starts very early in the spring and stays green till late in the fall. The flower is a whitish pink stalk and in clusters in stems six or eight inches in length. The seed is in pods like a small cucumber, and pointed. The stem with seeds lays over on the ground when ripe. It is very injurious to either horses or cattle. In the spring it is up and green before other vegetation starts, and while stock are anxious for something green, they will eat it, and if they once commence they will not eat anything else if they can get it, and they never get over it, as it acts like opium. They will become stupid, look as if they were gaining in flesh, as it bloats them out, and then they will gradually fall away, get crazy, like hydrophobia, and then soon die. I sold a horse a few days ago that had been loco'ed. It was almost impossible to get him in any kind of good order and only six years old. If run only a short distance it would stagger and almost fall down. I had to be very careful not to let him get where there were any of the plant. —Z. F. VALLIER, Ford, Kansas.

An Orchard Hint.

The longevity of a tree is largely a question of food. A tree which, with plenty to eat and drink, may be kept in good health for 200 or 300 years, is old and decrepit at less than 100 or 200 when it grows where food is scarce. On lawns and in gardens the tidy person does not want the ground nicely cleaned up, and this material is what the wild trees love. There is generally nothing for a nice lawn tree to feed upon but the minerals it can get from the soil. If the roots are kept strong with good living there will be no dead tops. There is much more waste of moisture from dead and dying branches than from the healthy living ones, and cutting away these simply stops the drain on the weak roots for a little while. In a very dry time or a very cold period the weakest branches suffer first. The weakest, from poverty of food or drink, are always at the upper portion of the trees or at the extreme end of the branches.—*Montreal Post.*

TALMAGE ON "THE FLYING YEARS."

The Many Different Ways People Have of Measuring Their Lives—January 1 a Good Day on Which to Begin a New Style of Measurement.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 2.—This morning at the Tabernacle the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., expounded some passages of scripture concerning the longevity of the patriarchs. His text was Genesis xlvii:8, "How old art thou?" The preacher said:

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense, and cinnamon, and ivory, and diamonds; from the North, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brilliant chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear, and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by the gateways that were guarded by pillars pyramidering with hieroglyphics, and wound with brazen serpents, and adorned with winged creatures—their eyes, and beaks, and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flowerbeds; there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom. Along the avenues, lined with sphinx, and fane, and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquin, carried by servants in scarlet, or elsewhere by fleet vehicles, the snow-white horses of golden-bitted and six abreast, dashing at full run.

There were fountains from stone-wreathed vases climbing the ladders of the light. You would hear a bolt shove, and a door of brass would open like a flash of the sun. The surrounding gardens were saturated with odors that mounted the terrace and dripped from the arbors, and burned their incense in the Egyptian noon. On floors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh were spelled out in letters of porphyry, and beryl, and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk, embossed with silver breaking into foam. There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides of leopards. There were sofas footed with claws of of wild beasts, and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea of wealth and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward: so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white lines of marble temple, mausoleum and obelisk.

It was to the capital and the palace of Pharaoh that Jacob, the plain shepherd, came to meet his son Joseph, who had become prime minister in the royal apartment. Pharaoh and Jacob meet, dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The king wanting to make the old countryman at ease, and seeing how white his beard is, and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into the face, and says to the aged man, "How old art thou?"

Night before last the gate of Eternity opened to let in, amid the great throng of departed centuries, the soul of the dying year. Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen hammer of the city clock, the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night set over the funeral procession.

It is most fortunate that on this road of life there are so many milestones, on which we can read just how fast we are going towards the journey's end. I feel that it is not an inappropriate question that I ask, to-day, when I look into your faces and say, as Pharoah did to Jacob, the patriarch: "How old art thou?" The preacher said:

People who are truthful on every other subject lie about their ages, so that I do not solicit from you any literal response to the question I have asked. I would put no one under temptation; but I simply want, this morning, to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and a wrong way of measuring a door, or a wall, or an arch, or a tower, and so there is a right way and a wrong way of measuring our earthly existence. It is with reference to this higher meaning that I confront you, this morning, with the stupendous question of the text, and ask: "How old art thou?"

There are many who estimate their life by mere worldly gratification. When Lord Dundas was wished a happy New Year, he said: "It will have to be a happier year than the past, for I hadn't one happy moment in all the twelve months that have gone." But this was the testimony of the center of most of us. We have found that though the world is blasted with sin, it is a very bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys innumerable. There is no hostility between the Gospel and the merriments and the festivities of life. I do not think that we fully exercise the worldly pleasures God gives us. When you recount your enjoyments, you do not go far enough back. Why do you not go back to the time when you were an infant in your mother's arms, looking up into the beaten of her mother; and those days when you filled the house with the uproar of boisterous merriment; when you shouted as you pitched the ball on the play ground; when, on the cold, sharp, winter night, muffled up, on skates you shot over the resounding ice of the mill pond? How full of joy and good days that the Lord gave you? Were you never a boy? Were you never a girl? Between those times and this, how many mercies, how many kindnesses the Lord has bestowed you. How many joys have brushed up to you from the flowers, and showered down to you from the trees, and chanted to you with the voice of the soaring bird, and tumbling cascade, and booming sea, and thunders that with bayonets of fire charged down the mountain side! Joy! Joy! Joy! If there is any one who has a right to the enjoyments of the world, it is the Christian, for God has given him a lease to everything in the promise: "All are yours." But I have to tell you that the man who estimates his life on earth by mere worldly gratification is a most unwise man. Our life is not to be a game of chess. It is not to be a game of cards. It is not to be music. It is not the settlings of a wine cup. It is not the froth of an ale pitcher. It is not a banquet with intoxication and roystering. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts into the skies, or the first step on a road that plunges into a horrible abyss. So that in this world we are only keying up the harp of a rapture, or forging the chain of a bondage. And standing before you, to-day, with life on the one side and death on the other; song on the one side and groaning on the other; mansions in the skies on the one hand and perdition on the other; heaven on one side and hell on the other—I put to you the question of the text: "How old art thou?" Towards what destiny are you tending, and how fast are you getting on toward it?

Again: I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their sorrows and their misfortunes. Through a great many of your lives the ploughshares hath gone very deep, turning up a terrible furrow. You have been betrayed, and misrepresented, and set upon, and slapped of impertinence, and pounded of misfortune. The brightest life must have its shadows, and the smoothest path its thorns. On the happiest brook the hawk pounces. No escape from trouble of some kind. While glorious John Milton was losing his eyesight, he heard that Salmasius was glad of it. While Sheridan's comedy was being enacted in Drury Lane theater, Cumberland, his enemy, sat growling at it in the stage-box. While Bishop Cooper was surrounded by the favor of learned men, his wife took his lexicon manuscript, the result of a long life of anxiety and toil, and threw it into the fire. Misfortune, trial, vexation for almost every one. Hope, applauded of all the world, has a stoop in the shoulder that annoys him so much that he has a tunnel dug, so that he may go unobserved from garden to grotto, and from grotto to garden. Cano, the famous Spanish artist, is disgusted with the crucifix that the priest holds before him, because it is such a poor specimen of the sculptures. And, so, sometimes through taste, and sometimes through learned menace, and sometimes through physical distresses, aye, in ten thousand ways, troubles come to harass and annoy. And yet it is unfair to measure a man's life by his misfortune, because where there is one stalk of nightshade, there are fifty marigolds and harebells; where there is one cloud thunder-charged, there are hundreds that stray across the heavens, the glory of land and sky, asleep in their bosom. Because death has come and took your child away, did you immediately forget all the five years, or the ten years, or the fifteen years in which she came every night for a kiss, all the tones of your heart pealing forth at the sound of her voice or the soft touch of her hand? Because in some financial Eurocolon you have gone into bankruptcy, did you forget all those years in which the luxuries and extravagances of life showered on your pathway? Alas! that is an unwise man, an ungrateful man, an unfair man, an unphilosophic man, and, most of all an unchristian man, who measures his life on earth by groans, and tears, and dyspepsia, and abuse, and scorn, and terror, and neuralgic trust.

Again; I remark that there are many people who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumulated. They say: "The year 1886, or 1876, or 1850 was wasted." Why? Made no money. Now, it is all cant and insincerity to talk against money as though it had no value. It is refinement, and education, and ten thousand blessed surroundings. It is the spreading of the table that feeds your children's hunger. It is the lighting of the furnace that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. It is the carrying out at last of you to decent sepulture, and the putting up of the slab on which is chisled the story of your Christian hope. It is simply hypocrisy, this tirade in pulpit and lecture hall against money, as though it had no uses. It is hands, and feet, and sails, for ten thousand grand and glorious enterprises. But while all this is so, he who uses money, or thinks of money as anything but a means to an end, will find out his mistake, when the glittering treasures slip out of his nerveless grasp, and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock. He might better have been the Christian porter that opened his gate, or the begrimed workman who last night heaved the coal into his cellar. Bonds, and mortgages, and leases have their uses, but they only help you yard-stick with which to measure life.

They that boast themselves in their wealth, and boast on the multitude of their riches, none of them can, by any means, redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him, that he should not see corruption. "No," said Bellshazzar, "I never will go down." Why, you cannot calculate the length of their lives by any human arithmetic. Add to their lives ten thousand times ten thousand years, and you have not expressed it—what they have lived or will live. Just a standard that is to measure a man's life by! There are those in this house who think they have lived only 30 years. They will have lived a thousand—they have lived a thousand. There are those who think they are 80 years of age. They have not even entered upon their infancy. No one must be a babe in Christ to begin at all.

Now, I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are; I do not know what your tact or talent is; I do not know what may be the fascination of your manners or the repulsiveness of them; but I know this: there is room for you in the field to culture, a harvest to reap, a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs. If you have learning, put it all into the poor-house of the world's sufferings. But if you have none of these—neither wealth, nor eloquence, nor learning—you, at any rate, have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened; a frown with which you may blast injustice; a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. Oh, what a sad thing to spend a monotonous view of life!" it is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the only bright view of death. Contrast the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quinn, the actor, in his last moments said: "I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last." Malherbe said in his last moments to the confessor: "Hold your tongue! your miserable style puts me out of conceit with heaven." Lord Chesterfield, in his last moments, when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bothered himself about the proprieties of the sick room, and said: "Give Dayrolles a chair." Godfrey Kneller spent his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram of his own immortality. Compare the silly and contemptible departure of such men with the seraphic glow on the face of Edward Payson, as he said in his last moment: "The breezes of heaven fan me. I float in a sea of glory." Or, with Paul, the apostle, who said in his last hour: "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, will give me." Or compare it with the Christian death-bed that you witnessed in your own household. Oh, this world without a God is a false god! It will consume you with the blaze in which it accepts your sacrifice, while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance; and when the thrones have fallen, and the monuments have crumbled, and the world has perished, and the goes out of this world without a single regret upon the flying years, and forward without exultation to the time when the archangel, with one foot on the land, shall swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever that time shall be no longer.

News of the Week.

A DAISY STORY.

That Will Furnish Food for Gossip for at Least a Week.

PARIS, Jan. 5.—Two English adventuresses have been arrested here charged with an original form of swindling. The prisoners gave the names of Mrs. Linsay and Miss Eveline Rappy. The latter is a beautiful woman about 25 years old. Mrs. Linsay is old and so comely, and easily passed as Miss Rappy's mother, or chaperon, as occasion required. The women caused to be published in responsible papers a genteelly written and cleverly constructed advertisement, making it known that a young widow with a million sterling in her own right, and a rich young girl who had made a false step, was desirous of forming a marital alliance with a gentleman of the right stamp, who could appreciate the situation and who had means sufficient to warrant that on his side the marriage was not entirely a speculation.

To several persons who were introduced to Eveline Rappy as the result of the advertisements, and she was put forth as the young widow, or the rich young girl, according to the inclination of the suitor, she engaged herself to a number of these, managing to keep them in ardor until she had learned of their ability to make presents, and successively married several of the more wealthy, securing the best settlement possible and managing to escape, with all the wedding presents and other personal property obtainable, within a few hours after the ceremony.

It has transpired that Miss Rappy played this marriage trick with great financial success on more than one rich adventurer in England before she sought new victims in France, and it is said that all of her numerous dupes in both countries have been of such high social or political position that they have been ashamed to seek redress of any kind.

The police do not mention the name of the person who has brought the career of the two women to end in Paris, but when Miss Rappy was taken into custody she was at a first-class hotel, living in a grand suite of rooms in the Champs Elysees, and a tragic was on the point of being married to a man who had already paid right royally for the bethrothal and had invested a snug fortune in wedding presents. When Miss Rappy realized that she was a prisoner she broke down and made a complete confession, giving the details of all the exploits, with mentions of dates, sums and names. She throws all the blame for her conduct upon Mrs. Linsay, who, she says, controlled her.

HAIGHT'S CONFESSION.

He Planned the Express Robbery, and Fotheringham is Innocent.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 5.—W. W. Haight, one of Wittrock's accomplices in the train robbery, has furnished the local papers a written statement of his connection with the affair. He says therein that poverty and his inability to obtain employment forced him to devise some means whereby he might provide his wife and child with the necessities of life. To do this he planned the robbery, and approached Wittrock with the scheme. Wittrock became enthusiastic over it, and took the affair into his hands, and he (Haight) heard nothing of him until he read an account of the robbery in the papers. Shortly after that Wittrock sent him $1,000 by Oscar Cook, and summoned him to Leavenworth. There Wittrock gave him $10,000 more. He says it was he who forged Mr. Dunlap's signature to the pass which was presented to Fotheringham, and had the Adams Express letter heads and envelopes printed. Fotheringham, he asserts, is absolutely innocent of each and every charge brought against him.

LOGAN WILL BE MISSED.

A Strong Advocate of Coast Fortifications Gone.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The death of Gen. Logan will remove from the Appropriations committee one of the most active adherents of the policy of coast defenses, and will seriously embarrass any attempts which may be made to force an appropriation bill through Congress at this session that does not contain large fortification grants as recommended by the President and advocated so strenuously by some of the leading statesmen of the country. Logan was one of the principal men who secured the amendment to the fortification bill, last year, which provided an appropriation of $8,000,000 for that purpose. He is well-known tenacity of purpose served to prevent his colleagues on the committee from weakening when the bill went to conference. With Logan out of the way, it will doubtless be more easy for the House to prevent the Senate from insisting upon amendments which are sure to be made to Mr. Randall's meagre bill.

In Favor of Arbitration.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 6.—The officials of the Coal Miners' National Federation have issued a circular address to miners throughout the country, requesting the attendance at the national convention of miners and operators at Columbus, O., February 8, of all who are favorable to the arbitration plan of settling wage differences. At this convention a scale of wages for the ensuing year from May 1 will be adopted. The miners who attended a similar convention at Columbus last year seem generally satisfied with the scale then adopted, and are willing to again meet the operators.

A ROUGH EXPERIENCE

Tom Foye's Escape From Colon — An American Conductor on the Panama Railroad—A Cowardly American Consul —Americans Claiming British Protection.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—Tom Foye, a conductor on the Panama railroad, was most unjustly sentenced a month since in Colon to eight years' imprisonment for shooting a blood-thirsty native passenger. He arrived in this port last Tuesday on the steamer Alene, having a remarkable escape, attended with great peril and exposure. To a reporter Mr. Foye gave yesterday, a full account of his experiences in Panama:

"I come from California," he said, "and have been in the employ of the railroad company in Panama for two years. You have no idea of the difficulties we conductors have there. Whenever the Canal company pays off, the trains are packed full of drunken cutthroats and robbers from Chili and Peru, and when you ask them for their fares you want to look out you don't get a gun or a bowie knife.

"My run was between Panama and Colon. In the middle of October last we had a rough gang on board one day, and I had to put off two men that drew revolvers on me. In one of the second class coaches there was a party of about a dozen who were acting together. One of them struck at me with his machette, and I jumped back out of his way. Every time I asked for his fare he'd hit at me, and his companions were chattering away unpleasantly behind me. The fellow finally made a rush at me with his machette raised, and my revolver and I threw him through the head. It killed instantly.

"There was a good deal of talk among his friends the rest of the trip, but I arrived at Colon unharmed, and gave myself up to the Prefect. He sent me to jail. It was a building without a roof, and no glass in the windows or panels in the doors. I got the fever, and was in a bad state. The English speaking people were very indignant about the matter, and the American consul-general sent for the Yantic, because he was afraid we'd have an uprising. Finally the Americans equipped one of the railroad cars, and refused to work until I was placed in better quarters. Then I was transferred. It was October 7 I shot the man, and not until November 26 did they give me what they called a trial before an Alcalde and a jury of five. Three of these were Colombians, and the remaining two were men licensed to run gambling houses and other disorderly places.

"The court-room was full of natives during the trial, and they cried down my lawyer when he'd try to speak, and made disagreeable remarks about me. The jury went out in the audience, and talked the case over. They were very quick, and it was the only safe thing, as far as they themselves were concerned, that they could have done.

"The judge sentenced me to eight years' imprisonment on November 30, and I served two days. I was placed in jail under guard of 50 soldiers, and there were twenty policemen on the outside. I was the only prisoner, but they were naturally afraid that some one might try to rescue me. I got extra rations from outside, and a boy used to come every evening and clean my cell. The guard changed watch at 6 o'clock every night.

"The second day of my sentence I managed to get a suit of clothes which looked enough like those worn by the boy, and at the change of the watch I changed my clothes and shaved off my mustache, which was pretty long. Then I picked up my slop pail and walked out as quiet and easy as you please. As soon as I got out of sight I started on a dead run for the Chagres river. I had $700 in my pocket, and I made up my mind to get out of the country before I was discovered. At the river I stole a boat and started for the ocean, hoping to reach the Yantic, which had arrived about the time I was sentenced. I was in the swamps in the vicinity of Colon for about six days, till arrangements were made to get me out of the country.

"You can imagine how secretly everything had to be done, when I tell you $1,000 reward had been offered for my capture. I want to say a word about Adamson, the American consul-general at Panama. He visited me at the jail after I had been locked up two weeks, and said he would do what he could for me. That is the last I saw or heard from him.

"The English consul called on me, and said if I was an English subject he would get me an immediate trial, or have me released in his custody. It is a common thing for the English to do, and it made my blood turn more than once to find Americans laying claim to English citizenship when they got into trouble. The American consul is afraid to say anything or do anything that might displease the native officials, and so nobody respects the rights of the American citizen.

"I left the country in the steamer Alene, of the Atlas line, Capt Seiders, sailing from Port Lemon. In 1865 the same captain picked up John Boyle O'Reilly, in southern waters, after he had escaped from New Zealand. Mr. O'Reilly, now the well-known editor of the Boston *Pilot*, was engaged in the Irish conspiracy of 1864, and, after two years in Kilmainham jail, was transported. There was a reward of £1,000 on his head. I sailed under the name of Jackson, and the only thing suspicious about me was the small amount of baggage I carried, it being nothing but a little handbag."

GEN. SHERMAN AND BLAINE.

The General Says He is not Particularly Interested in Politics.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—A morning paper yesterday published a story to the effect that Mr. Blaine had written to Gen. W. T. Sherman, in 1884, urging him to accept the Republican nomination for the presidency. Gen. Sherman, according to the story, wrote to Mr. Blaine, declining the honor, and stating that he would not accept the nomination under any circumstances. He further stated that if he was nominated against his will and elected, that he would refuse to serve.

Gen. Sherman was asked last night if there was any truth in the statements as published. He replied that he could not say anything about the matter; no one was authorized from him to say anything about the matter, one way or the other. If the letters in question were in existence, it would be time enough, in his opinion, to give them to the public when either Mr. Blaine or himself had passed away. He was more interested in reading a California novel which he held in his hand than in talking politics.

"The newspapers give the gossip of the day," the general added, "but events that lie beneath the surface are reserved for the future. No one is authorized to say that I ever received such a letter from Mr. Blaine."

Earthquakes in Texas.

GALVESTON, Jan. 7.—A special from Paige, Tex., says that a slight shock of earthquake occurred there yesterday, lasting two or three seconds. No serious damage was done. The town of Paige is situated on the Houston & Texas Central railway, 50 miles east of Austin.

ROSTROP, Tex., Jan. 6.—At 11:35 a. m., yesterday, a slight shock of earthquake was felt here. It lasted about six seconds, doing little damage.

The Liquor Question in Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 6.—A. R. McGill took the oath as governor yesterday, and delivered his inaugural address. Gov. McGill was emphatic in recommending that the will of the people, as declared in favor of high liquor license, be carried out, and strongly denounced the organization of liquor dealers to prevent control of that traffic.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." MRS. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." MRS. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 150 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

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No Other Remedy in the World Can Produce Such a Record.

This wonderful success of "Warner's SAFE Cure" is due wholly to the real merit of the Remedy. For a long time it has been *REGARDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AS THE ONLY SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND URINARY DISEASES AND FEMALE COMPLAINTS.*

Thousands of people owe their life and health to "Warner's SAFE Cure," and we can produce 100,000 *TESTIMONIALS* to that effect.

Read the following and note the large number of bottles distributed. We guarantee these figures to be correct, as our sales-books will prove.

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WASHINGTON.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Doings of the National Legislators During the Past Week—Bills Introduced and Passed.

IN THE SENATE.

After Sen. Cullom had pronounced a brief eulogy on the late Sen. Logan, on Tuesday, the Senate adjourned.

Considerable time was spent in the discussion of the Inter-State Commerce bill.

Various organizations presented memorials asking for the prevention of Sabbath violation in running of railroad trains.

A bill was introduced for the relief of the heirs of Capt. Crawford killed by the Mexicans in January, 1886.

A bill was passed granting a pension of $2,000 per year to the widow of the late Gen. Logan.

The widow of Francis P. Blair was also granted a pension of $2,000 per year.

IN THE HOUSE.

The House adjourned on Tuesday, out of respect to the memory of Sen. Logan.

The Indian appropriation bill, $5,515,000, was passed, and the military academy bill was also passed.

Mr. James W. Reid tendered his resignation as member of Congress from the Fifth North Carolina district. Tabled.

In committee of the whole the House passed the pension appropriation bill, $76,247,500.

The reorganization of the navy was discussed at length, but without action.

The committee on Civil Service reform reported back the Senate bill repealing the tenure of office act. House calendar.

The river and harbor bill was reported.

A bill appropriating $500,000 for a new government building at Charleston, S. C., went over without action.

TO HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

Representatives Matson and Bragg to Fight Logan Pension Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Representatives Matson and Bragg announced their determination to fight the passage of the bill pensioning Mrs John A. Logan when it comes up in the House. Matson is credited with basing his opinion on the ground that Logan did not die from disabilities incurred in the service, and that there are those who have died from that cause whose families can not get relief at the hand of Congress. An organized effort will be made in the House to defeat the bill. Gen. Bragg is opposed to increasing the list of civil pensioners.

The House To-Day.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—On motion of Mr. Bragg the Senate amendments were concurred in to the bill providing for a school of instruction for cavalry and light artillery.

Mr. Blanchard, from the committee on Rivers and Harbors, reported back the resolution calling on the secretary of War for information as to what steps have been taken to cause the removal of the sand bar which has formed against the piers of the Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific railroad bridge spanning the Red river at Shreveport, La. Adopted.

Mr. Willis reported back the river and harbor appropriation bill, and it was referred to the committee of the whole.

On motion Mr. Caswell, Wednesday, February 9, at 3 o'clock, was set apart for the consideration of resolutions touching the death of Wm. T. Price, late Representative from Wisconsin.

The Logan Fund.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Capt. Geo. E. Lemmon, of the *National Tribune*, has received the following additional subscriptions to the Logan fund: Hon. Claus Spreckels, San Francisco, $1,000; Hon. John Fitzgerald, Lincoln, Neb., $1,000; also the following through Hon. Henry C. Bowen, of the New York *Independent*, John Claflin, $250; Elliott Shepard, $100.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

The Annoyances Americans Suffer if Not Provided with Passports.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The secretary of state has received a dispatch from Frederick Raine, United States consul general at Berlin, setting forth the annoyances to which United States citizens visiting Europe, and especially Germany, subject themselves by neglecting to secure passports before leaving this country. Berlin, Frankfort, Hamburg, Leipsig and other cities of the German empire, are subjected to a so-called small state of siege, and every stranger or foreigner visiting these places is required to identify himself by producing a passport. Ladies are not excepted.

Immediately after the arrival of a stranger the police authorities demand the production of a passport, and if he is not provided with one he must either procure one at the nearest United States legation, or submit to annoyances, if not a peremptory order to leave.

No stranger can enter the dominions of the Russian empire without a passport, while in several places in Russia, Italy, etc., similar prohibitory measures are enforced. Americans visiting the continent of Europe will do well to procure passports.

Students desiring to enter German universities can be matriculated only upon producing passports. The latter are retained by the authorities of the university, and a ticket of protection or university membership issued. After such membership ceases the passport is returned to its owner.

Contested Elections.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—The House committee on elections to-day finally acted upon two contested election cases, that of Page vs. Pierce, a Rhode Island case, and Kidd vs. Steele, an Indiana contest. In the Rhode Island case the majority of the committee decided that neither of the parties are entitle to the seat. A minority report will be made to that House recommending that the sitting Republican member (Pierce) be awarded the seat.

In the Indiana case, the committee's report will be unanimous in favor of the right of Steele (Republican) to retain his seat.

The New Public Printer Not a Practical Printer.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—The Senate committee on Printing, it is said, began, this morning, the study of certain problems involved in the nomination of Mr. Benedict to be public printer, and Mr. Benedict was himself before the committee for examination. No conclusion was reached and another meeting is to be held during the week.

It is understood that there are no formulated charges against the nominee, but there are people who claim that he is not a practical printer or bookbinder, and in these respects does not meet the requirements of the law governing the appointment in this office.

The committee finds itself called upon not only to investigate and determine the questions of fact, but to interpret the law. It is argued on the one hand that to be a practical printer and bookbinder, one must have served an apprenticeship at type setting, and have worked with his own hands at bookbinding. On the other hand, it is urged that the manager of an immense establishment like the government printing office may be all the more efficient for not having passed his life in wrestling with the minute or the mere mechanical features of the work on hand. The committee will give Mr. Benedict ample opportunity to reply to anything which may be said against him.

Capital Cullings.

Among Ohio postmasters nominated were J. E. Lohmann, at Hamilton, and Samuel McFarland, at Wapakoneta.

The House committee on Public Buildings and Grounds agreed to make an additional allowance of $28,000 for buildings at Terre Haute, making the total appropriation of $178,000.

Second Assistant Postmaster General Knott has awarded the contracts for the performance of mail messenger, mail station and transfer service in regulation wagons from July 1, 1887, to June 30, 1891, as follows: At Toledo, H. C. Slavens, $4,880; at Burlington, Iowa, to E. T. Dankward, $1,288; at St. Louis, to St. Louis Transfer Co., $14,495; at Kansas City, to H. C. Slavens, $4,885—total, $83,187.

The commissions of 155 Presidential postmasters will expire during the months of February, March and April next. Of these, 115 will expire in February and 40 in March. The principal offices on the February list are: Oakland, Cala.; Muncie, Ind.; Gallipolis, O.; New Philadelphia, O.; Warren, O., and Zanesville, O. On the March list is Cleveland, O. These lists complete the expirations until the assembling of the 50th Congress, December 5, 1887.

A communication from the commissioner of Internal Revenue was transmitted by the secretary of the treasury to the House, requesting an immediate additional appropriation of $50,000 for salaries and expenses of collectors of internal revenue for the current fiscal year. The secretary says in his letter that "urgency is demanded to properly execute the oleomargarine act, and also the act devolving upon the government the expenses of inspection of tobacco exported, heretofore paid by the exporter."

THE GATE CITY GUARD.

Georgians in Gory War Paint—The Insult to the Gate City Guards Should be Wiped Out in Blood — Volunteers Ready to March Against Old England.

ATLANTA, Jan. 8.—"If the United States wants volunteers to wage war against the English government, the Gate City guard, of this city, is not only ready but anxious to do its duty," said an angry Atlanta man, yesterday.

The announcement that the application of the guard for permission to enter British territory had failed, created a sensation which has engaged the attention and aroused the indignation of every young man in this city.

The veteran captain of the company is Joseph T. Burke, a gentleman of strong military tastes, and who has the wealth to enable him to gratify his desires. Ten months ago he arranged a trip through Europe, which should embrace military displays in the capitals of England, France, Spain, Germany and Italy. At once there were more applications for membership than could be accepted. Arrangements were perfected to charter one of the Red Star line steamers, and negotiations were opened up through Mr. Bayard, secretary of state, for permission to pass through the countries named.

Thursday night's mail brought to Gov. Gordon a sealed packet from the secretary of state, and Capt. Burke was hastily sent for. When the captain came out of the executive office he refused to talk, but it was soon learned that the Gate City guard, as an organization, could not land in England.

It appears that when Sen. Bayard's application reached Mr. Phelps, the latter gentleman declined to deliver it officially, but, in an unofficial way, ascertained that such a visit as that proposed could not be thought of. The fact was recalled that during the Phœnix park sensation in Ireland a similar application had been made by the Detroit Guards, through Sec. Frelinghuysen.

Mr. Lowell, whose anti-Irish policy is so well known, grew pale when he discovered that the name of the company commander was Mike Wheelan. The idea of allowing a man with such an Irish name to parade through Her Majesty's dominions was preposterous, and he thereford declined to push the matter Therefore Mr. Phelps had a precedent to guide him, and he returned the negative response which made Capt. Burke so serious.

There happens, however, to be a story behind all this. On March 17 last there was a monster Irish demonstration given in Atlanta, attended by the best people of the city, at which Capt. Burke was the principal orator. The captain grew warm in his remarks, and his speech displeased several well-known Irish sympathizers here, who, when Capt. Burke mapped out his European trip, sent copious extracts of his speech to men prominent in English affairs. The result has already been told.

When called upon last night, Capt. Burke was busy answering telegrams about the new phase put on its expedition.

"Do I think," he said, "to assume that the refusal of England to allow us to parade under arms will stop the trip. The Gate City Guard has perfected arrangements for the European trip, and will go, even if every government in Europe should refuse permission for us to go under arms. We will go simply as tourists, taking along with us our uniforms and accoutrements. In this manner, if we should be invited to give exhibition drills, we will be in readiness, and if we should not be so invited, we will scale the Alps with just as much zest as if every crowned head in Europe was looking on in approval. Put it down that the Guard will go to Europe, without fail, permission or no permission."

HIS WORK FINISHED.

The Old Ship-Builder at Rest—John Roach Called Home—Something About His Life—The Refusal of Sec. Whitney to Accept the Dolphin—His Assignment.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—John Roach, the great ship builder, died at 8 o'clock this morning. The cancerous growth had eaten its way into the side of the neck, below the angle of the jaw, involving the large arteries, which became liable to rupture at any moment.

Mr. Roach was in great pain all day yesterday, and was given him relief large doses of morphine were injected, and he was unconscious most of the time. In the few conscious moments he had he spoke to his son, Garrett, who was with him all the time. The young man remained with his father during the night. He occupied a seat at the bedside, and helped the nurses, who applied soothing poultices and renewed the injections of morphine every time the patient awakened. Only a few intimate friends of the family were admitted to the house yesterday, but nobody other than the physicians and nurses were allowed to see Mr. Roach.

"A beggar for subsidy" he was called, but he was always ready to try and convince any one that money spent to encourage American industry was well spent. He was strong in his opposition to lawsuits, and boasted that he had never been either defendant or plaintiff in one.

He was very happy in his domestic life. Mrs. Roach is a fine, matronly looking woman, about the same age as her husband. The couple have four children. John B., the eldest, lives at Chester, Pa.; Garrett, who lives on Fifth avenue and has charge of the Morgan iron works; Stephen, who lives with his parents, and one daughter, Mrs. McPherson, who resides in Philadelphia.

The story of the trouble between John Roach and Sec. Whitney over the acceptance of the despatch boat, Dolphin, during the summer of 1885, is familiar to all readers. In July of that year an honorable assignment followed. The blow broke the heart that had been so strong. His tears blotted the assignment paper as he signed his name, and he hurried away to his summer home.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The funeral of the late John Roach will take place on Thursday, at 11 a. m., from St. Paul's Methodist church, Twenty-fourth street and Madison avenue, where the deceased attended.

MICHIGAN SENATORSHIP.

A Red-hot Caucus—Stockbridge Nominated on the Tenth Ballot.

LANSING, Jan. 7.—On the roll call two Republicans were absent—Sen. Campbell and Rep. Grinnell, of Detroit. Sen. Giddings put Francis Stockbridge in nomination. A dozen members of the caucus indorsed Stockbridge.

Sen. Babcock, of Saulac county, nominated Omar D. Conger, and spoke feelingly of the Senator's services in Congress and his eighteen years of public life.

"Sen. Conger," he said, "has filled the position he now occupies with marked ability, and it is the duty of the Republicans of Michigan to remember his career and respect him. He was a judge in Michigan, speaker of the House in Michigan, congressman for six consecutive terms, and for six years has been a senator. He has been in public life for 26 years, and the people of Michigan owe him a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid except by the impulses that now prompt us. Let us," continued Mr. Babcock, "honor Sen. Conger with a re-election."

After a good deal more speech-making, at which the large crowd became impatient, the caucus proceeded to ballot. There were four candidates, namely: Stockbridge, Conger, Lacy and Fitzgerald. Eighty-nine votes were cast on the first ballot, which resulted: Stockbridge, 31; Conger, 23; Lacey, 10; Fitzgerald, 7. The remainder were scattered. Jay Hubbell got 4, Gov. Fairfield 2, and the rest were placed around at the rate of one each. The result was a disappointment all round. Stockbridge did not get all he expected. Conger got his friends, and Lacey's friends were willing to concede him. Lacey's friends were surprised at his meager vote.

After the ninth ballot it began to be seen that the lines were breaking. One of Lacy's men got up and proclaimed himself for Stockbridge. There was great excitement and confusion, and several